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THANKSGIVING-DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A bright little damsel, clear, plainly and neat,
Came tripping along o'er the wet, misty street;
For November's first snow-gift was strewed in a way
To do the grateful heart's thanksgiving duty;
So she guarded her clothes with a housewifely care,
Still, gifting aloud like a creature of air,
While every brisk nerve to her feet seem'd to say,
Going home, going home to keep *Thanksgiving-Day.*

On her well-rounded arm a nice basket she bore,
With a parcel, precisely, put nicely before,
Which, I guessed, (perhaps,) the good mother had then
Beneath its snug lid with a artful ken;
All was right, and "would seem that her movements
kept time
With the tuneful response of a musical chime,
For nothing that song of her spirit could stay,
Home, Father and Mother, and Thanksgiving-Day.

Then, on came the men, with a whistle and cry,
And light as a lark the young damsel kept by,
And I saw her no more, save a glimpse thro' the pane
Of a face that no evil had ventured to stain,
Surrounded by travellers, on business intent,
Some anxious, some weary, some feeble and bent,
Though mingled with others, vociferous and gay,
In anticipation of *Thanksgiving-Day.*

So *Nancy* her blessing took up, and beheld
A village spread forth from her point of gold,
And a quaint, rural home, amid its embrowse arose,
Where a man and a woman, in Sabbath-day clothes,
Gazed forth from their gate o'er the hill-top as heaven,
For their daughter to come from her work in the town,
And, lo! there she hastens, all smiling and gay,
To gladden their souls on this *Thanksgiving-Day.*

Oh, Land of my birth! how New England, the cities
Of pilgrims, and heroes, and sages, and statists,
Whatever of change o'er thine annal may sweep
With wo in thine electrified bosom shall sleep,
Yea love-lighted home, where the virtues preside,
And God is acknowledged as Ruler and Guide,
Still gather thine own, from their work or their play,
To this feast of the heart, on *Thanksgiving-Day.*

Harper's, Conn., Nov. 29, 1861.

THE TALE OF A CHRISTMAS-EVE JURYMAN.

EDITED FROM A LUNCH'S NOTES.

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

Many years ago, when the New York Court of Sessions met in the old Alms-House Building, near the Chambers street side of the Park, I was drawn as a juryman upon the trial of a young man charged with the burglary of a bank. The proceedings began a full week before Christmas Day; but owing to circumstantial detail of testimony, and many embarrassing law discussions, the case was not given to the jury until the afternoon of the day preceding Christmas.

The main question of fact was the identity of the prisoner at the bar with the person who had been seen under suspicious circumstances about the bank building upon the day preceding the burglary. And a broker had positively sworn to the accused as being the man who exchanged bills in denomination like those which constituted the felonious proceeds. But, on the other hand, the accused had produced evidence that he was, upon the night in question, continuously at a Hoboken hotel.

One bailiff, taken immediately upon entering the jury retiring-room, showed nine for conviction and three for acquittal. A second bailiff left only one for not guilty. Doubtless, each one of the eleven coincided mentally in the belief that the discomfort was more than offset by the pale and nervous little man, prematurely gray, whose restless eyes, uneasy seat in the box, and queer questions to witnesses, had early in the case invited the especial attention of the court *habitués*. After an awkward silence of a few moments, he stepped forward from the fireplace (where evidently he had seemed to hug directly he entered the room) and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to disagree with so respectable a majority; but I beg to assure you it will be impossible for me to go over to your views. Had it been known the peculiar issues of the trial so early stood, I would never have made my duty, by timely suggestions to the Court, to have relieved the panel from my presence. But I never can now agree to convict that young man. *Never! never!*"

Saying him in the most energetic tone, he then paced nervously around the narrow length of the room; and then clapping his hands upon his breast, as he stood by the window, he looked the personification of a remorseful penitent standing before some altar of confessional recollection.

The fractious man of our panel placed his finger knowingly to his forehead, and made pantomimic motion with his face, as if to say "crazy." And the foreman whispered to the nearest group, "I dare say he's been in prison himself!" But the audacious member of the panel muttered so audibly something about "relative of the prisoner, eh?" that it reached the ear of our optimistic dissentient. Hastily quitting his attitude of a penitent before some invisible shrine, he approached us, and added, with renewed energy:

"By virtue of my oath, gentlemen, I never saw or heard of the prisoner, nor of any of his kith and kin, before this case. At the risk of your suspicious logistics, I can never, never agree to his identity."

Upon this apparent challenge to his remark, the audacious juryman, nowise daunted, muttered very audibly "crazy," and then, with a dissimulation, asserted, "A merry Xmas this tide fair to be indicted, to it!"

Approaching the window in an angry way, he rubbed the sash, dashed back a shutter, and looked forth.

The merry hum of Xmas-Eve—Broadway, alluring with the jingle of sleigh-bells, rushed their waves of holiday-sound into the dreary jury-chamber, and at once riveted the anger of the remaining ten upon the nervous invalid who was thus detained in still longer from the expected bliss of the season. Extending his hand as if to greet the cool stream of air, and welcome its coming to his fevered brain, the recusant added, (thus again divining all our thoughts):

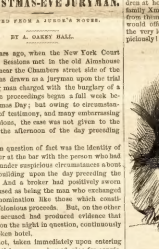
"I know how bad it is to shut you up here on Xmas-Eve. But, but I never can agree, and the sooner you act on it the better."

Here the veteran juryman of the set, (who, during a recess, had boasted that he had aided in convicting twelve persons during his service for the county,) wrote upon a paper three words:

"Impossible — agreement—ask — discharge."

And handing it to the foreman for his signature, obtained it and sent it into court by the constable at the outer door. This official, by one of the mysterious promptitudes of the class, appeared to have understood how nearly unanimous the vote was, and took his conveyed his views to the Court; for back came the response that in so important a cause, &c., the jury must be confined all night. But the officer was authorized to add that, in consideration of its being Xmas Eve, and with the consent of the respectively plaguing Christmas half-dollars, and then shaking his head at the holiday shop-lights across the Park, "and grants at sole expense o' the county."

I acknowledge to a feeling approximating to the raging point. The wintry twilight had some time deepened into night, and the gas-lamps were more provokingly twinkled from the shop-windows. There came thoughts of wife and children at home, full of holiday glee, around the family Xmas tree. Even the blue kept away from the window, the hideously of a man who would offer no explanations, and who, in so the very most, tolerated almost corrupily—unscrupulously! Thus sullenly brooding, the monster



[LITTLE MONTIMER.]

paused, whilst an attendant or two lighted fresh candles, or busied themselves with replenishing the already the well-licked table. By-and-by, from mine host of Tammany Hall, arrived public dinners, and that time-honored basket of Confectionery pies, and sundry pitchers of ale. They brought with them the welcome news of the acquiescence of our stubbornly skeptical comrade. Perhaps never before, or since, has the sanctity of a jury-room been so invaded by the Satin Cloven Foot. Even the Bible, which we do courts thus trespass upon the domains of the Holiday Mercury.

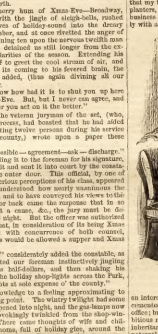
We sat down, and diligently cross-examined the soldier and proceeded to sum up the legal liquids and pipes of tobacco. Next, very amicably were the incidents of the case discussed. Then came sighs the embarrassing silence which formed a frame-work wherein our previous disagreement was the portrait figure. Just then was heard a knock at the door. The constable put in his head, and announced that the court had adjourned until nine o'clock next morning.

Before this sprotic announcement could—from the Xmas hilarity that had skyrocketed almost boiling point, the unfortunate cause of our Xmas-Eve imprisonment spoke with an evident effort at cheerfulness, and said:

"Now, gentlemen, since by the decree of the Court I do not delay you, I will narrate why I am so peculiarly by my refusal to bring in a verdict of guilty. An explanation, doubtless due to myself in my fellow jurymen, perhaps due in giving you my late I present the incidents in that perfect form of narrative as to diminish incident and tragical climax which I am able to form, thereby, familiarity with the story.

"Twenty years ago, a young apothecary's clerk went in search of employment from this city to Louisiana. He soon found it, at a small town on the Mississippi river, in the parish of Lafourche, above New Orleans. This town was the centre of a circle of sugar plantations, and from them derived all its business importance. The nearest sugar estate was owned and occupied by a wealthy Pennsylvanian, named George Mortimer. He was a widower, and his family consisted of his son—a mere lad; his daughter—a young lady just snapping the roseate bonds of girlhood; his son's tutor, in the person of Arthur Boynton, a young, college graduate; and a mature French governess, who assisted at the studies of Mademoiselle.

Mr. Mortimer was a very much-beloved man, not only in the parish but in the State—its circumstance which deepened in horror the tragedy that my tale necessarily embraces. Unlike most planters, he only left his plantation when urgent business visits to New Orleans. He mixed kindly with all classes, head or free. He swanned



[MR. PERCIVAL JERKS TELLING HIS STORY.]

as interest in all the affairs of his section, and thoroughly identified himself with every local office; but disinterestedly assisted the aims of ambitious neighbors. Lulu Mortimer added to her inheritance of maternal beauty the possession of paternal affability, and her father's fourth mate. It was, therefore, proper for many a ruler afterward to proconsider his conduct careless, in leaving the young and winning Arthur Boynton into the household. The attachment, which soon ripened between the tutor and the daughter, was first detected by the watchful eyes of Madame Deslonde, the governess. She was an artful *intrigante*. She was yet vain of her personal appointments, and was not without fascinations of conversation and manner. But she was just the person to repel a frank, youthful spirit like that of the New England tutor; who, if he had not gained experience, had nevertheless read and thought enough upon worldly matters to desire a deal of charity, in order that he might determine whether friends were masks or displayed realities. The French governess, for the first time during her years of social vicissitude at Lyons, Paris, and New Orleans, had been despised with a violent passion for the young tutor. A native vanity, and the hopes kindled in her feelings, made her for a short time regardless of the apathy with which he received her vivacious advances. But, when jealousy aroused her sensibilities to the truth, with her pride wounded, and with those hopes baffled, she became his secret foe.

One afternoon, as the planter walked with his favorite servant upon the river levee, examining its security in every part against a threatened rise of the river, he unexpectedly encountered Madame Deslonde.

"Well, Deslondes, and where is your young charge? How long are you took to solitude and lonely walks?" good-humorously said Mr. Mortimer.

The governess paused and seemed embarrassed, and unconsciously twisted herself in pickings as orange-leaf to pieces, with that unerring instinct of destruction recorded by women in their actions, often to a confusion of thought: then speaking:

"I have only taken, Monsieur, to the solitude and lonely walk since the sad misfortune which separates me from the society of Master Victor's tutor."

Impressed more by her manner and tone than by the mere words thus uttered, the planter hastily motioned his body-servant away, and came slowly with the governess, and, looking her directly, he replied:

"Do you imply that he is important of attention to my daughter?"

Madame Deslonde with that gesture of the shoulders by which her people convey whole sentences of doubts or indifference.

"Mademoiselle is young, and Monsieur Arthur is an entertaining man to one unravelled and ignorant of the world. *He* may mean nothing, but *she* may mean more than she knows."

Mr. Mortimer, although the kindest, was the most suspicious of men, since by the decree of the Court I do not delay you, I will narrate why I am so peculiarly by my refusal to bring in a verdict of guilty. An explanation, doubtless due to myself in my fellow jurymen, perhaps due in giving you my late I present the incidents in that perfect form of narrative as to diminish incident and tragical climax which I am able to form, thereby, familiarity with the story.

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[ARTHUR BOYNTON AND THE GOVERNESS.]

No more was said until they parted at the portico.

Mr. Mortimer had conversed with his daughter, and had determined to send the tutor away at once. He was smelling the latter in the library. But, as the door opened to admit him, dinner was announced, and the meal began with all present. Even the servants noticed an unusual embarrassment. Mr. Mortimer was flushed and ill at ease. The domestics also observed that his manner of inviting the tutor to the library was not so gentle as was his want. They saw, moreover, the suffused eyes of the young man, when half an hour afterward he quitted the house, and ordering a horse, galloped away. Only the governess observed that his route of travel was not in the direction of the town. He has gone to the packet landing. And do we travel together?" said she mentally to herself.

But he was standing by the portico, watching the twilight shadows grow along the avenue, and there encountered upon the double bench in her pride and love—one indicted by the man she served. Her anger by this she had inflicted self-respect in loving. Not long afterward a woman glanced from the other end of the balcony into the apartments of Arthur Boynton. The motions of the figure were stealthy and noiseless. It disappeared behind the curtains. In course of half an hour, from the window of the same room opening upon another side of the balcony, the figure of a young man emerged, and disappeared among the shadows of the shrubbery.

* * * *

Upon the ensuing morning Mr. Mortimer did not appear at breakfast, but sent word of an illness too suddenly severe to permit of his rising.

"Master complains of being so thirsty, and says the tea is not cold enough," answered the body servant to the inquiries made by the plantation-servants. Then he sipped the drink, and he says the water he drank in the night sickened him."

"Alas! my fault, then," said Arthur, who was in the room attending his pupil's dress, and speaking to the housekeeper; "for, hearing Mr. Mortimer ask for water, I was going up late, and he doubtless supposed I was Charles Pierre, I passed on my way."

The governess here gave a suppressed shriek, then making a hysterical effort, quitted the room.

But when housekeeper, physician and valet disappeared up the broad stairway, she returned and said:

"Monsieur countermands my going at his daughter's request, at least for a time—it is quite all. Adieu!"

He was silent at his work of adjusting a postmaster's mandate.

"Shall I say adieu to Mademoiselle?" she inquired, with flashing eyes. "or is it permitted to you to leave them in person?"

"It is better she be sighed to himself, and then added aloud, "Do not, Madame Deslonde, malign me to her when I am far away. Above all, *do not injure my name whatever may happen.*"

"What can happen?" she whispered, looking nervously around.

Surprised at her whisper, he too glanced over his shoulder and answered in some confusion, "Will, well, let it be as Providence shall fix it —I must be content."

He turned to take her hand. But by an impulse refrained, and grasping his portmanteau, again said: "Adieu," and stepped from the gallery, where the servants awaited his coming. He was followed, and by such looks of mockery as make an envious glance from the eyes of women.

Toward noon Mr. Mortimer rapidly grew worse. The simpler prescriptions were unavailing. The case was dangerous and serious, for in a few hours the man of strong health and temperate habits had become like an invalid of a week's suffering. His eyes glazed. His thirst grew unquenchable. Burning and swollen pains in throat and chest drove sleep afar from his nightly couch. His daughter knelt in supplicating prayer. She accused herself as the cause of her parent's nervous fever, and was ordered away from his bedside as a disturbing agent.

A special messenger had been dispatched to the town druggist's after a new prescription. Reaching the store tended by the young clerk, before incidentally mentioned, the physician's instructions were explained. Whilst awaiting pharmaceutical attention, a conversation naturally ensued upon the sad event at the isle. Gin-flavored and much excited physician. His symptoms being thus crudely recounted, the young clerk of the druggist's shop declared exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Mortimer may have accidentally taken some of the arsenic purchased here last night for rat-poison. I sold it to Monsieur Pierre."

"Arsenic! tutor," echoed the overseer, "why that was the very name to take packet for New Orleans."

Each looked into the other's eyes the suspicions they now simultaneously felt.

"Monsieur Pierre," Madame said, about the daughter. The hypocritical rascal!" This was the opinion of the debased overseer bound. "my fine New England gentleman," as he had been wont to sneeringly designate the tutor among his familiar acquaintances.

The clerk trembled and hastily but decidedly, as he tore up the prescription.

"It is clear that this prescription will avail nothing, and until you see Dr. — carry back this," and he proceeded to fill a small vial from a large bottle. "It is a temperance sickener. But sharper remedies will be needed. Book at once, and also physician, and also the packet landing after the run-away culprit, for the coincidences of purchase and illness are remarkably strong."

Starting at a plunging speed, the overseer was not long in arriving at the plantation mansion. He found the tutor in the library, and the housekeeper pacing the piazza for his return.

He was plain to see by the latter that the planter was much worse. The overseer overheard the breath, at once imparted his suspicions to them, and communicated that which the clerk had said. The housekeeper encountered the groom of the vial; but the governess seemed about to faint, entering spasmodically at the piazza-pillar, and gasping for air.

The terrible symptoms of poison by arsenic were indeed upon the patient. The physician surgeon, called in until his more experienced brother could be summoned, and pronounced. He threw out the contents of the tutor's pitcher, and at the bottom shone a grain or two of gritty

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

particles. Fed to the cabin-chickens they died. It was clear that the ungrateful tuber had contracted the opportunity of quarrel and flight to wreak a sudden vengeance on its benefactor.

A search into his room discovered upon an inner shelf a paper containing what might be either sugar or salt, but was pronounced arsenic. Alas, the proofs were too clear. And madame swooned for sixth all time over any jealousy in grief, wrung her hands and lamented that Monsieur Arthur should have no fallen.

Despite the attentions of all, in two days' time the unlucky patient exhibited the same symptoms by evening the threshold of death's ever-opening footsteps.

In those days there were no telegraphs, and the bureau of Louis Lacarne offer across the states to cashiers; so that the neighbor discharge of New Orleans after police search, and the capture of young Boyton, was delayed in reaching a pocket until after the death.

In a few days Arthur was arrested by a detective at the St. Louis Hotel. He was found at his room under circumstances of such physical depression as the recent bereavement, the loss of his stipend, and the mental anxiety aroused by the necessity of fresh exertion would naturally occasion. There was no resistance by the police officer, with the lastness of his profession, to be moral evidences of guilt. And therefore hesitated not in laying his arm upon the shoulder of the startled youth, to add:

"I arrest you charged with——"

His dad desired to silently repeat in order as the police say, to draw the first fire of a culprit's thoughts, he could not have a more eloquent one unfortunate to his pleasure. For the latter interrupting him at once, said:

"Not—not—with the death of Mr. Montimer is he then dead?—or the daughter?"

"Only one took the poisons—surely you did not intend both?" said the detective.

"Poisons—poison? then it was not the shock of——Why—well—young man. It is perhaps my duty to advise you against further confessions."

"Poison!" he again repeated, "and you am not suspected of that?"

"Any, and charged with it—here is the warrant of the British Judge," returned the officer, and also sympathizingly measuring upon his own wrists the hand-cuffs with which he proceeded to give those of the fainting prisoner.

* * * * * * *

When the young man, under custody, reached the town landing near the scene of his crime and guilt, the populace had gathered from all the surrounding localities, and were fain to wreak upon him violence. Because it was not alone the grief for the loss of their favorite neighbor which prompted to this: but the mode of his death and the horizons attending the discovery and substitution of the poison were so revolting that the expression of disgust and horror which at the moment the face and form of the youth were seen, they obeyed the declivities of the earth that in so clear a case the patient law must be obeyed. The eyes of the officer of most evidence were like those of a debauched man; his hair, so recently a thing of marked beauty, had grown coarse and matted; and the whole bearing was of a man weighed down by a hideous dream of guilt. And so was he taken to the prison.

After a few weeks of delay the pale fellow stood at the bar of the Parish Court for trial. Up to his day of arraignment he had not uttered in prison like one under the constant influence of narcotics.

It became noised about that he intended to plead guilty. In his cell, the strangeness of emotion had been to rack himself to and fro, crying: "Oh my mother—mother!" in a low, wailing child. What could this be but the remorse of despair, as well as acquiescence to his merciful guilt? Only one man—the Episcopal clergyman—ordered entrance-door to the prisoner's lonesome. Which, to the minister of the gospel of mercy and charity, was permitted by a regular entertainment that would have crushed any opinion from any other source. The rector obtained utmost counsel from the prisoner, and learned physicians to examine into the chemical questions. Both classes subsequently shook their heads, but did not thereby shake the confidence of the clergyman.

But when arraigned in the crowded prisoner's box, Arthur's spirits or despair broke out afresh, as does a sullaben before a torrent. In a vehement paroxysm of grief he fell upon his knees exclaiming: "I swear before God and his angels I am innocent—some one must save me! I will this used be a cruel dream. My mother's son is no murderer." So violent were his shrieks and protestations in this spirit of reservation, that the Judge ceased him to be temporarily removed. The sailmen deemed it a piece of studied action; yet to the retiring room to which he was carried, rather than bid, all the soothing of rector and counsel, and the strongest opiate administered by physicians in vain. He was chafed at with his lips as one in hydrophobia might do; were required to enable the court to proceed orderly.

The attorney-general had come from New Orleans, especially, to prosecute. In his opening address he turned the incident of the accused's grief into what the professional spectators termed "a most happy epithelium." After recounting the virtues of the deceased, his public spirit and his private courtesy, after portraying him as the doting parent, the indulgent planter and the munificent patron, the attorney-general passed to the circumstances preceding and attending the sudden decease. Referring to the rumors of the prisoner, he commended it. It would at time only to realize the horrors of the crime next to that of a parricide—for he who, in a spirit of malice and revenge, murdered his benefactor because of an imagined slight upon pride, or a fancied insult; aye, and murdered him by the treachery of the assassin, deserved to be punished whilst even alive with such severity as to smother would the sun refuse to gaze upon.

Then the witness called was the coroner, who testified to hearing the physician's report, and to the sight presented by the dead body. He admitted that his overhearing of the words was accidental. He did not know to whom they were spoken. Being reproved for stating an opinion, he remembered them from the manner in which they were spoken. This manner he described. He said the prisoner was pale, and gesticulated violently in their utterance. He was then dismissed.

Then the governess took the stand to detail that whole conversation. She remembered very distinctly the words uttered by the lost witness, and was much shocked by them at the time. Did not know Mr. Montimer had a kind feeling for the young man. (At this stage of testimony, startling the upsoiling eyes of the prisoner, the witness fainted, and amid the commiseration of the audience was taken out of the court-room.) Soon returning, she narrated the remainder of their conversation respecting Miss Mortimer. Witness had suggested that the father would disapprove of his attentions, when prisoner used the language imputed and the threat in evidence. She was especially emphatic in recapitulating the prisoner's parting remarks to care above all for his reputation with the young lady when he was gone—*no matter what might happen.*

During this testimony the dramatic spectacle presented by the attitude and countenances of the prisoner was one never to be forgotten. Upon his forehead and wrists, as he sat bent forward leaning upon his hands, the veins were swollen as if with thongs. There was in his eyes that glare of horror the lumbar assumes when the microscope first sees tiger-springs. But during the testimony which followed, this agony of position and expression could only be contrasted with that conspicuous in the paintings of some of the early martyrs when stretched upon the rack. It was the testimony of the apothecary's clerk. The latter being told to look upon the prisoner and say if he knew him, answered immediately that he had seen him walks and on horseback. He particularly remembered calling at the apothecary's one night providing the illness of deceased.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" groaned the young man, at hearing this, "where, where is the justice that it strikes not this Asmius dumb with death!"

He rose to his feet in a posture which well befitted that time, and was immediately seized by his tone.

The judge was now obliged to harshly interpose, and say that although bound to allow much for the feelings of the accused at the moment, his language was insulting to the tribunal of justice in the highest degree. He was also admonished in whispers from his counsel. So he resumed his old attitude, and the testimony of heart-broken Irish widow beside the corpse of her husband was given.

The witness continued:

"I recognized it in the very cent he now has on—a gray travelling suit—as well as by the face and form."

Now, despite all entreaties and frowns of court, counsel, and the bystanders, the prisoner again sprang to his feet:

"Judge! Judge! this whole suit hang in my face upon the night in question."

Seeming to recollect something his counsel had whispered, the prisoner grieved to silence, in a more subdued tone:

"But, but, I have no evidence, no proof."

Upon cross examination the witness swore that he had observed the three peculiarities in the face and voice. Prisoner asked permission for cloakroom. Granted. Returned in a few minutes, and in the same dress. Prisoner was only certain of the identity of the man by the rigid cross examination failed to shake the confidence of the witness. Also by the peculiarity of dress, manner and carriage.

The next witness was one of the housekeeper as to the admissions respecting the pitcher of water. Also evidence of the prosecuting as to the discovery of arsenicous particles in the pitcher: also of the finding of the poisoned bread in the girl's clerk) in the prisoner's room containing his final drug. Thus closing the case for the people.

Owing to the state of the prisoner preceding trial, his counsel were able to obtain no affidavit or explanation from him. Now, upon the trial of the prisoner's counsel, there was the greatest weight of testimony. In vain did he produce no evidence of character, or of absence of kindred symptoms from natural causes. In vain argue against the testimony. The prosecution a motive in the prisoner for so slight a cause to kill the father of her lover. Then, the long pause and sullenness testified there ingratiance in every way.

The Attorney General declining to sum up, the court charged the jury with considerable preference, and the jury agreed "GUILTY" upon their oath.

As the fatal word was spoken, the young man, falling on his knees, again and again accentuated his innocence, crying:

"Oh, my mother—will none save me?"

These words were continually repeated, but in a more subdued and despairing tone, after the last sentence of death had been pronounced, and whilst the process of manacling the condemned proceeded.

"What do you now think of the case?" asked his counsel of the rector, as they left all the crowd, passed into the cool, free air, which their presence had rendered a comparative fleeting luxure of life.

"I think—considering the wrinkles on his aged cheeks, the latter rejoined.

"Still, I still believe him innocent."

"I did not in the earlier stage of the trial," added his counsel, "but even with the strongest protestations in this spirit of reservation, that the Judge could let him be temporarily removed. The sailmen deemed it a piece of studied action; yet to the retiring room to which he was carried, rather than bid, all the soothing of rector and counsel, and the strongest opiate administered by physicians in vain. He was chafed at with his lips as one in hydrophobia might do; were required to enable the court to proceed orderly.

The attorney-general had come from New Orleans, especially, to prosecute. In his opening address he turned the incident of the accused's grief into what the professional spectators termed "a most happy epithelium." After recounting the virtues of the deceased, his public spirit and his private courtesy, after portraying him as the doting parent, the indulgent planter and the munificent patron, the attorney-general passed to the circumstances preceding and attending the sudden decease. Referring to the rumors of the prisoner, he commended it. It would at time only to realize the horrors of the crime next to that of a parricide—for he who, in a spirit of malice and revenge, murdered his benefactor because of an imagined slight upon pride, or a fancied insult; aye, and murdered him by the treachery of the assassin, deserved to be punished whilst even alive with such severity as to smother would the sun refuse to gaze upon.

Then the witness called was the coroner, who testified to hearing the physician's report, and to the sight presented by the dead body. He admitted that his overhearing of the words was accidental. He did not know to whom they were spoken. Being reproved for stating an opinion, he remembered them from the manner in which they were spoken. This manner he described. He said the prisoner was pale, and gesticulated violently in their utterance. He was then dismissed.

The governess took the stand to detail that whole conversation. She remembered very distinctly the words uttered by the lost witness, and was much shocked by them at the time. Did not know Mr. Montimer had a kind feeling for the young man. (At this stage of testimony, startling the upsoiling eyes of the prisoner, the witness fainted, and amid the commiseration of the audience was taken out of the court-room.) Soon returning, she narrated the remainder of their conversation respecting Miss Mortimer. Witness had suggested that the father would disapprove of his attentions, when prisoner used the language imputed and the threat in evidence. She was especially emphatic in recapitulating the prisoner's parting remarks to care above all for his reputation with the young lady when he was gone—*no matter what might happen.*

During this testimony the dramatic spectacle presented by the attitude and countenances of the prisoner was one never to be forgotten. Upon his forehead and wrists, as he sat bent forward leaning upon his hands, the veins were swollen as if with thongs. There was in his eyes that glare of horror the lumbar assumes when the microscope first sees tiger-springs. But during the testimony which followed, this agony of position and expression could only be contrasted with that conspicuous in the paintings of some of the early martyrs when stretched upon the rack. It was the testimony of the apothecary's clerk. The latter being told to look upon the prisoner and say if he knew him, answered immediately that he had seen him walks and on horseback. He particularly remembered calling at the apothecary's one night providing the illness of deceased.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" groaned the young man, at hearing this, "where, where is the justice that it strikes not this Asmius dumb with death!"

He rose to his feet in a posture which well befitted that time, and was immediately seized by his tone.

The judge was now obliged to harshly interpose, and say that although bound to allow much for the feelings of the accused at the moment, his language was insulting to the tribunal of justice in the highest degree. He was also admonished in whispers from his counsel. So he resumed his old attitude, and the testimony of heart-broken Irish widow beside the corpse of her husband was given.

The witness continued:

"I recognized it in the very cent he now has on—a gray travelling suit—as well as by the face and form."

Now, despite all entreaties and frowns of court, counsel, and the bystanders, the prisoner again sprang to his feet:

"Judge! Judge! this whole suit hang in my face upon the night in question."

Seeming to recollect something his counsel had whispered, the prisoner grieved to silence, in a more subdued tone:

"But, but, I have no evidence, no proof."

Upon cross examination the witness swore that he had observed the three peculiarities in the face and voice. Prisoner asked permission for cloakroom. Granted. Returned in a few minutes, and in the same dress. Prisoner was only certain of the identity of the man by the rigid cross examination failed to shake the confidence of the witness. Also by the peculiarity of dress, manner and carriage.

The next witness was one of the housekeeper as to the admissions respecting the pitcher of water. Also evidence of the prosecuting as to the discovery of arsenicous particles in the pitcher: also of the finding of the poisoned bread in the girl's clerk) in the prisoner's room containing his final drug. Thus closing the case for the people.

Owing to the state of the prisoner preceding trial, his counsel were able to obtain no affidavit or explanation from him. Now, upon the trial of the prisoner's counsel, there was the greatest weight of testimony. In vain did he produce no evidence of character, or of absence of kindred symptoms from natural causes. In vain argue against the testimony. The prosecution a motive in the prisoner for so slight a cause to kill the father of her lover. Then, the long pause and sullenness testified there ingratiance in every way.

The Attorney General declining to sum up, the court charged the jury with considerable preference, and the jury agreed "GUILTY" upon their oath.

As the fatal word was spoken, the young man, falling on his knees, again and again accentuated his innocence, crying:

"Oh, my mother—will none save me?"

These words were continually repeated, but in a more subdued and despairing tone, after the last sentence of death had been pronounced, and whilst the process of manacling the condemned proceeded.

"What do you now think of the case?" asked his counsel of the rector, as they left all the crowd, passed into the cool, free air, which their presence had rendered a comparative fleeting luxure of life.

"I think—considering the wrinkles on his aged cheeks, the latter rejoined.

"Still, I still believe him innocent."

"I did not in the earlier stage of the trial," added his counsel, "but even with the strongest protestations in this spirit of asseveration

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

CONFESSATIONS.

BY MARY FORREST.

The bird in his cycle, the sweet silver fall
Of fountains and moonbeams, soft shadows and all
Earth's archetype beauty, our loved ones recall;
For they come as the host like the spell and a balm;
Like low tender voices in hymn's hallowed psalm;
They are spiritual tokens of good out of night;
From starlike rays from the fountain of light;
They are clear angel witnesses that tireth to and here us;
They are Hope and Soothing of wings that hovered to lead us
And so they bring the beloved again.
Oh, sweet are the memories, holy and chaste,
Bring over again with the love that is buried;
Bring light and new help to soothe us and bless us,
Bring healthful hands to feel, eat and caress us,
Bring peace supernal and sky-like plasma,
And all that were cherished in smiles and dreams—
A joy that is exquisite pain.

"ALL IS WELL."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mine was a comfortable, cozy residence in the country, away from the rumble and turmoil of life's busy conflict; where the streams murmured over their pebbly beds; where the great old woods grew pleasantly upon the corner, and where emerald hills and purple mountains lifted their heads in the middle distance, and in the background. The house of my nearest neighbor could not be seen from my parlor-door. It was hidden in the orchard and garden sweep summer-time; for the village was there.

One afternoon, in early Autumn, as I sat in my library, with a book in my lap, and my eyes closed, even several minutes, and I believed me that a gentleman was in the parlor, who wished to see me. I went down, and was accosted by the hand Andrew Walsingham.

Andrew Walsingham and I were born in the same town; we had been brought up together, upon the old grounds, and in the old school-house, and in later times we had been fast friends. Still, it had been several years since I had been his companion, as he had been in business in the city, while I had been established in the country; but we had met occasionally, and had sometimes corresponded. I knew that he was married; that his wife was one of the best families in New York; and that he had two beautiful children. I greeted him right warmly, and assured him that he was welcome; and when I had led him into my library, I asked him if he had come to make me a visit.

"Yes, I reckon, with a faint smile," I have come to make a short one. I am not well, Fred, and I have run away from my business."

There was no need of his telling me that he was not well. I could see it in his every look and motion. His face was pale; the veins upon his white brow were darkly drawn; and his limbs trembled as though their nervous strength was gone. I feared that he was going to have a fever; and I told him so.

"No," he said, with another of those faint smiles. "You need not fear that I shall be sick on your hands. I am only worn and exhausted. I went a little time to think, and then I shall be moving."

I told him that he was welcome to rest beneath my roof as long as he pleased, and I assured him that if he was sick he should be nursed. He thanked me, and then, of his own accord, turned the conversation upon subjects connected with our youthful days. As we talked of those bygone times the color flushed back to his cheeks, and he grew more like my old friend. But there were wanting lustre, but the sunshine of their wonted lustre, but the change was not permanent. The sunshine that was left to his own thoughts like an old prostration came over him, and more than once he sighed as though in pain.

By and by I called my wife up, and while she was present Andrew seemed himself again. She had known her in youth, and she had been his friend. While she was with us Andrew was gay, and had hoped to win her lover; but there had been a point in his character which she could not like, and she did not trust her future in his hands.

After Mary had gone to get tea, I went down and asked her if there was not some wine in the house. She told me that there were several bottles in the cellar, just as they had been sent by our friend Jones. She had used part of a bottle by advice of the physician; and she had given a sick neighbor two or three bottles; and the rest were in the basket where they had been put two years before.

"I have thought," I said, "that a little good old wine might be a help to Walsingham. He seems very weak and despondent, and I think he has been in the habit of taking wine."

I acknowledged that my wife might; and I went back without the wine. I expected that my guest would ask for it, as he did not, and I soon much relieved; for I remembered how unfortunate he had been in regard to wine, and have gained me to have been obliged to refuse him such a request.

We spoke the evening in the parlor, with music and conversation, and at an early hour I asked Walsingham if I could do aught for him before he went to bed. He said no, but he hoped he should feel better in the morning.

The morning came, bright and beautiful, but Andrew Walsingham was no better. In fact, he seemed more despondent, and his face was more pale and thinner. He saw how anxious we were, and he urged us not to trouble on his account.

"If you will allow me to feel that I am not feeling you, I shall make myself contented. I am not well, you can see that; but a little rest, and a few days in this pure, fresh air, will certainly restore me. If I trouble you, I will send at once; but I like not the thought of a public house."

We assured him that he was at home—that he might do as he pleased—and that his presence would not worry us. And I furthermore told him, if he would consent to venture himself that day, I would spend the next with him, either in the woods or upon the stream, as he might like best, for business was laid aside.

According to promise, on the following morning I gave myself up to Walsingham's direction, and he chose to take me down the river, and go to the woods. We did so, and when night came he seemed quite like a well man. He had declared the pallor was back in his face, and he seemed more disposed to converse than before. I found that it worried him when we alluded to his suffering, or when we seemed to notice it; so I was as cheerful as possible, and Mary played some of the sweetest music upon the piano.

A few evenings after that I had an invitation, for myself and family, to attend a military festival at the village, and as Mary and I had concluded to go, we asked Walsingham to accompany us. At first he hesitated, but finally concluded to go. The assembly was large, and three tables, extending the whole length of the spacious hall, were filled. The soup and meats had been removed; a few speeches had been made; and then the toast-master took the head of the table, and the word was passed to fill the glasses. The man who sat opposite filled two glasses, and pushed one of them over to my friend. He took it, and raised it to his lips. I was watching him, for his movement was peculiar. There was a flush upon his face; his whole frame quivered; and the glass was clutched eagerly. It was almost to his lips when the memory was suspended, and for a moment his body seemed right as rooted, as he surveyed the pair; a quick breath burst from his bosom; and as the former came back, the glass descended to his quaking hand, and the blood-red wine was spilled upon the table. He turned, and whispered to me that he was not well, and then arose and left the hall. I followed him out, and found him leaning against a corner of the building, with his head leaned upon his hands.

"It is nothing," he said, in answer to my eager inquiry. It was only a passing sheath. Do you go back to your wife, and I will go home. I am better now. Come—do not let me feel that I am keeping you from entertainment. Remember your promise."

He started off as he ceased speaking, and when I saw that he was bound towards my dwelling, I went back into the hall, but not to stay, and I followed him. We found him in the library, and his head was in his hands. I went to ask him any questions, and so soon as he could speak he told me what had caused him pain.

What did all this mean? My wife and I talked about the matter, and our conclusion was that our friend was insane—that a close attention to business, or some species of study, had affected his brain. If such should prove to be the case we should have a serious task before us.

On the following morning Walsingham would not answer the breakfast bell. We waited some minutes, and then I concluded to go up and see if anything ailed him. I reached his door, and as I listened within, I heard him walking to and fro. We found him in the library, and his face was pale and haggard. He was not to ask him any questions; and so soon as he could speak he told me what was the matter.

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NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Publisher and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1868.

We always size the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscription at that time, or even before the time expires.

No Traveling Agents.—We employ no traveling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you may put him down as a swindler.

PROSPECTUS
OF
THE NEW YORK LEDGER,
FOR 1869.

The Ledger has been more prosperous—has made more money during the past twelve months—than any other paper, either daily or weekly, published in the New York or any other city in this country. The great reason why the Ledger has been so much more successful than any or all other papers is, that we have not hesitated to spend liberally in securing the services of all the great and popular writers of the country. While other papers have been compelled to economize—to cut down the size of their sheets, and print a poor quality of paper—we have, on the other hand, been enabled to keep up to the highest point of excellence, in every respect, and in the large exercises of all the improvements and novelties which would tend to the entertainment and gratification of our readers. We have never offered any hunting greenhorn to secure subscribers, for the reason that we have preferred to put myself, or premiums into the paper itself, and in that way give every reader more than the worth of his money. Besides, nine out of every ten papers that have offered premiums have been swindling concerns, and every paper that has nothing to do with that sort of thing is sure to die. *They are not conducted on sound business principles.*

The following are the names of some of our leading contributors for the new year—1869. Other engagements are now presented such as array of distinguished and popular names:

Hon. Edward Everett, Hon. John S. C. Abbott, William Cullen Bryant, A. Oakey Hall, John G. Saxe, George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, Stephens Cook, Jr., Frederick Saunders, William M. Thackeray, T. S. Arthur, Mrs. Henry Myers, Col. Richard M. Johnston, Marion Harland, Mrs. Southworth, Alice Cary, Anna Dickinson, Lucy Cary, Mary Fussell, Miss E. A. Dupuy, Mary Stanley Gummey, and many Clergymen, whose sermons, lectures, statements, and other eminent writers residing in different parts of the Union.

Our corps of contributors for the coming year will be so large, and will embrace such a variety of eminent talent, that every department of literature will receive the particular attention of some one conspicuous to do it ample and special justice. In fact, our contributors are scattered all the way from west to west much more rather than we can possibly use, so that we shall always be able to make a most independent supply from which to select true WIT HONEY.

The Ledger's great success in trying to do the best that we know to anyone in getting up the most FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The cambled reputation of its contributors has gratified and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the ones which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its Tales and Sketches, have gained for the New York Ledger a position and a circulation never before known in this country.

As this is the season of the year when Postmasters and others are in the habit of forming clubs, we direct their particular attention to

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ROBERT BONNER, Publisher,
No. 37 Park Row, New York.

AFTER DARK.

Reader, let us suppose ourselves in the family room of a well-ordered, well-to-do, happy city household, after dark. It is the cold December night, the warmth that met us at the door like a welcome is genial as the breath of Eden. The fire-light mingles pleasantly with the gaslight, and on the soft rug, within the cheerful radiance, the whole family sat, curled into a ball, and intimating, by mutual subdivision, her "manifold capacity for love." Around the large centre table, covered with bubbled books, games and newspapers, sat the tented happy children, and a matronly face that may have been fairer and smoother years ago since, but was never brighter and more home-like now, leans forward over the group with a cheerly pride and affection in its every lineament. A goodly print-family, a thing of beauty. Outside Time has tossed a snowfall or two, sits in a strange fellow of an unpleasant face on one side of the ruddy hearth, and a grand-motherly old lady, on whose forehead Time has written all that haunt the ruins of humanity have left in their wake feet-tracks, knits and nods in its fellow place of kindness on the other side. Within each cozy and comfortable domestic interiors this very picture is seen to-day by millions, we hope, to the fireside enjoyments of its tenants. As they read it or hear it read, perhaps, they will call their attention to the sudden aspects of the great city, which differs quite so bright side to them. In the midst of comfort and abundance, surrounded with an atmosphere of affection, it is well to think of the horrible contrasts to such a scene which are to be found everywhere in the hall of us.

What of the basements and garrets where poverty is at its squalid hideousness—drunken, brawling, hopeless, heroic, after dark? What of the prisons, where crime and conscience fight for the mighty gloom of the first night in the cell? What of the charity hospital, where the pauper wrestles with the death agony, watched only by the rats! What of the multitudinous dens where guilt and shame of all degrees and shapes hoffit their gas-light saturnalia? What of the gambling halls, where madmen stake money they do not own against money they cannot win! What of the drinking saloons, where all the fiends live in beds in casks and bottles, and come to enter into the bodies and brains of men! Sitting in our comfortable parlors—those of us who have them—on a cold December night, it will do us no harm to think of the unfortunate thousands to whom After Dark brings no home-happiness; nothing but additional misery, and chaos and sorrow. But to think of them, or even to pray for them, is not enough. God declares that every man who feels for the miseries, the ills, and the depraved, should be an active missionary of good, and this all whom He has blessed in basket and in store should be be His almoners. There will be need of good Samaritans in New York this winter, and shame on the Levite who passes by on the other side. The bitter nights are upon us, and let us remember that wretchedness is never so supremely wretched, sin never so potent, as After Dark.

A CHRISTMAS GAME.

The gift-giving festival of Christmas is a hand. As the war has diminished the income of some of our citizens, the Yankee genius set to devise all their surplus to promoting the comfort of the troops, it is probable that the usual profusion of Christmas presents will not be exhibited this year. The French, we are told, have a Christmas game which serves as a substitute for the gift-giving, and crowds, at the same time, a world of fun. It is said to have originated at Coblentz, during the period when that town was filled with prosperous nobles, driven from France by the great revolution.

The game is played thus: The members of the party do not expect to dine together on Christmas day, enter into a compact some days before the festival, by which each binds himself to give a present to every other person in the circle; but no present to be of more than a certain and low number of cents, say, five, ten, fifteen, or, at the most, twenty-five. The coin in a very good sum for the purpose. Each, also, agrees to keep secret from every other what he intends to give, and to convey to the house all his presents early—tastefully wrapped up and sealed. The French, of course, display great taste in enclosing the articles, using a great variety of colored papers and ribbons, and displaying the most wrappings over the coarsest commodities. Each day, almost without fail, some one of the party gives out the recipient, and should contain a written sentence, or, if agreed upon, a sentence in verse, either original or selected. All the presents are to be delivered into the hands of a designated person (usually, one of the young ladies of the house), who distributes them as she may. They are arranged on a table, each person's presents by themselves, in the morning, and when all the guests are assembled, the door of the room is thrown open, and the whole crowd opens his own.

The reader can see what a chance this little game affords for the display of wit, ingenuity, and taste. In selecting the gifts, in order to display an astonishing fertility of resource, as well as taste, each one will be anxious to satisfying their friends in the distribution of the various articles. The reading aloud of the verses and sentences will call forth much merriment. No article is so commonplace or insignificant but what it can be made to look like a gift. Admirable hits have been made with such an article as a pair of boots, a pocket-handkerchief, a thimble, a piece of soap, an almanac, a pumpkin; to say nothing of the mirror articles, such as watch-guards, pin-cushions, and the other small wares, like them, of ladies' fingers.

WHAT IS SAID OF US ABROAD.

We are charged as a people with morbid sensitiveness to the criticisms of foreign writers on our social and political peculiarities. The charge was true. Once the misrepresentations of the English tourists amused us, and the viewers who made it their business to traduce us, provoked our ire, and to their surprise and falsehoods, even the gravest American presses seemed to think it worth while to take up the "this-is-kinnel" than of yore. The shafts that pierced and wounded were few, and the new nettle almost unheeded against our indrested armor, and still Sidney can find his darts and javelins from the hide of a rhinoceros. Ever since the commencement of the war we have been a target for the hasty cross-bolts of the London Times and other "immitable critics" of the same kidney, while Punch and its kindred fun-mahalists of the British literary crew have piled in with their keenest arrow of wit and sarcasm, but the impenetrable armor of self-esteem turned. The declaration of an English poet that "the ingratitude basely of the people of an English bursaet that a fourfold spilt swatted us, did not stir our bile; nor did the bonnes pull to an absolute frenzy a sense of the wrongs of my fellowmgrons, in my wire ruffle us. Nay, more—we struck almost within the impregnable of a British spy, pointed almost within the shadow of her impregnable, and shot, with the unconscious contempt, rebuke from visiting upon him the usual penalties of traitorous conspiracy and libellous abuse.

The cause of this forbearance is easily explained. The republic has suddenly become aware of its ideal and its strength, and has a true sense of its own dignity and power which this indifference to injustice and misrepresentation. A nation that within eight months, and in the midst of the most gigantic struggle the world has ever known, could create an efficient army of five hundred thousand soldiers, and a navy which swept the commerce of nations of between two hundred and three hundred battle-ships, and in the same time created a legions of debtors, with ample financial resources in abeyance, could afford to contemptuously treat the predictions of prejudiced statesmen and the paper thunder of hireling writers and libellous letters. The mighty results of our efforts tell us that we are a people of unbounded resources, the hatred and uncharitableness of our transatlantic cousins are of little moment.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT, who is universally regarded as the chief expounder of the principles, traditions, and rights of the American Government, and the only living representative of our school of statesmanship, as well as the most accomplished scholar of the age, will contribute his able and elegant "Lessons Hours" to the Ledger for the coming year. These articles in the Lessons on current events have been reproduced in the leading journals of this country and Europe, and have attracted the most universal attention throughout the length and breadth of the Atlantic, and have been read, as we hope to know, with much interest by some of the crowned heads of the old world.

THE LEDGER POETS.—No paper ever published in this country has ever possessed such a list of readers such an array of poetical talent as the Ledger's now can boast. Here it is: Mrs. Sigourney, William Cullen Bryant, George D. Prentice, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, N. P. Willis, John G. Saxe, George P. Morris, Fred. S. Cozzens, William Ross Wallace, Mrs. Oakey Hall, Alice Cary, Emma Alice Browne, and many others.

We are certain our readers will be glad to learn that Rev. John S. C. Abbott will continue to contribute to the paper during the coming year his admirable historical sketches of the great military achievements of the heroes of the past, which have such a peculiarly fascinating interest during these stirring times of war.

MARENGO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt, the latter part of the year 1799, he found republican France unsafe, both by sea and land, by the combined fleets and armies both of England and Austria. The peril of France was so great that dictatorial power seemed essential for her salvation. Napoleon, by general acclaim, was placed at the head of the government, with the title of Consul.

The first act was to write to both England and Austria, imploring peace. Both governments contemptuously refused to listen to the appeal. An Austrian army 100,000 strong was on the banks of the Po and the Mincio, and overran a number of counts, say, five, ten, fifteen, or, at the most, twenty-five. The coin in a very good sum for the purpose. Each, also, agrees to keep secret from every other what he intends to give, and to convey to the house all his presents early—tastefully wrapped up and sealed. The French, of course, display great taste in enclosing the articles, using a great variety of colored papers and ribbons, and displaying the most wrappings over the coarsest commodities. Each day, almost without fail, some one of the party gives out the recipient, and should contain a written sentence, or, if agreed upon, a sentence in verse, either original or selected. All the presents are to be delivered into the hands of a designated person (usually, one of the young ladies of the house), who distributes them as she may. They are arranged on a table, each person's presents by themselves, in the morning, and when all the guests are assembled, the door of the room is thrown open, and the whole crowd opens his own.

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The cause of this forbearance is easily explained. The republic has suddenly become aware of its ideal and its strength, and has a true sense of its own dignity and power which this indifference to injustice and misrepresentation. A nation that within eight months, and in the midst of the most gigantic struggle the world has ever known, could create an efficient army of five hundred thousand soldiers, and a navy which swept the commerce of nations of between two hundred and three hundred battle-ships, and in the same time created a legions of debtors, with ample financial resources in abeyance, could afford to contemptuously treat the predictions of prejudiced statesmen and the paper thunder of hireling writers and libellous letters. The mighty results of our efforts tell us that we are a people of unbounded resources, the hatred and uncharitableness of our transatlantic cousins are of little moment.

THE HON. EDWARD EVERETT, who is universally regarded as the chief expounder of the principles, traditions, and rights of the American Government, and the only living representative of our school of statesmanship, as well as the most accomplished scholar of the age, will contribute his able and elegant "Lessons Hours" to the Ledger for the coming year. These articles in the Lessons on current events have been reproduced in the leading journals of this country and Europe, and have attracted the most universal attention throughout the length and breadth of the Atlantic, and have been read, as we hope to know, with much interest by some of the crowned heads of the old world.

THE LEDGER POETS.—No paper ever published in this country has ever possessed such a list of readers such an array of poetical talent as the Ledger's now can boast. Here it is: Mrs. Sigourney, William Cullen Bryant, George D. Prentice, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, N. P. Willis, John G. Saxe, George P. Morris, Fred. S. Cozzens, William Ross Wallace, Mrs. Oakey Hall, Alice Cary, Emma Alice Browne, and many others.

We are certain our readers will be glad to learn that Rev. John S. C. Abbott will continue to contribute to the paper during the coming year his admirable historical sketches of the great military achievements of the heroes of the past, which have such a peculiarly fascinating interest during these stirring times of war.

"Up, comrades!" said Desaix, "that the battle is lost. I can do no more for you, I suppose, than to cover your retreat."

"By no means," Napoleon replied. "The battle I trust is gained. Charge with your columns. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Desaix, at the head of his division, made an impetuous charge upon the front of the advancing foe. At the same time Kellerman received an order to charge the foe in flank with his cavalry. The charge was like one of magic. In an instant the whole aspect of the field was transformed. Those on the retreat were promptly rallied by the voice of Napoleon as he rode along their broken ranks.

"My friends," said he, "we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle."

The Austrians now raised shouts of victory which rose above the thunders of the cannonade. A general, and a well founded one, now pervaded the ranks of the Austrians. In the midst of their triumph they broke and fled. They were pursued, cut down, and trampled beneath the hoofs of Kellerman's dragoons. When the sun went down behind the distant Alps, twenty-five advancing twelve hours of frightful carnage, more than twenty thousand human beings were strewn upon the plain, weltering in blood.

The rest of Melas was so entire that escape was hopeless, and he was at the mercy of his victor. Napoleon rode over the field, and quietly upon the aspect of misery spread around. There were no sounds of victory. Every one was wounded, he stopped, and uncovered his head, saying:

"We cannot but regret not being wounded, like these unfortunate men, that we might share their sufferings."

Under the influence of such feelings he took a pen, upon that gory field, and wrote as follows to the Emperor of Austria:

SIRE:—It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of the wounded, and surrounded by more than fifty thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each other's throats, for the interests of persons who have no part in them. I pray your majesty to permit me to give you the first information respecting upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it more acutely or less than mine.

The letter was long and eloquent, but unfortunately for Austria, it arrived still intoxicated with the strife until the French armies, whilst sight of the steeples of Vienna, compelled a peace.

ELECTION-DAY.

It is a very cold morning, and this warm room is doubly comfortable by contrast. It is very comfortable to stay where you are. Why arise in this easy chair; but do you suppose, my friend, that the cushion would not be stuffed with pins and needles if I, a voter, sat down to dream with Morpheus? Come, you are elected, and all because hundreds of just such fools as you are would not quit shoulder to shoulder to trip him up? Suppose he is "cursed with a conscience," do you suppose he is wrong when it is so much in earnest? And for whom would you cast your vote—unless for an office, or some equivalent, before the polls close? Its working hours? And soot politics, forever and forever, with moral leprosy every man who touches them at the commencement, with clean hands? Is that your answer? Is that your answer? Then, if in vexation, I exclaim I wish to goodness the women could have power to put that matter through; I am told first, that every woman who reads this will say the same thing. Now, if half the husbands don't vote at all, I fear women are the force of that reply. Then I am told secondly, that if women were allowed to vote, they would be pulled down in shoals that yet every last night's rendition from the press at the theatres, and about which every one knows more or right musical hours. And now comes the question, what is to be done? When the sun is enfeebled by warmth, and the system determined by poisonous ingredients in the atmosphere, and the mind is overcome by the exigencies of talking to, or having to keep in, the feminant particles which are the "sweetness and light" of home? Well—but about *does it?* Ah, they look cold by EXPOSURE TO AIR!

THEN AND NOW.

Eighty-four years ago Washington's overworked, disheartened, ragged, starving army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. They suffered terribly there. The snow drifted into the rude huts, and the cold north-western blew right through them, for they were almost as open as a sieve to the keen blasts. A large number of the troops were almost shoeless, and the ice cut their poor feet very much. Washington wept over their privations while he shared them. At the time of the spring thaw Howe, half starved army marched forth from their miserable quarters with cheerful faces, and by the time the roses of June were full blown, had won the battle of Monmouth, and driven the army of Sir Henry Clinton flying toward Sandy Hook.

Now, we will draw the condition of the Grand Army of the Republic, this winter, to that of Washington's army at Valley Forge during the winter of 1777-8. Our legions will be substantially fed and warmly clothed by the time the blockaded fly which supply the will wholesome, palatable rations, provided with warm winter clothing, and in short, rendered made as comfortable as the nature of the service in which they are engaged will permit.

—As an act of justice to Colonel Hewitt, I give you the following letter from him. The article of which he complains was written by one of my clerks, and for which I would never, of course, have found a place in our columns. I am sorry that it was published, and the Colonel is not the author of the obnoxious remarks, and will readily appreciate the frankness and good-nature with which he meets the issue. Colonel Hewitt is one of the most generous experiences and taught him how innocently such articles may be taken by the parties interested, could treat a matter of the kind with the gentle courtesy displayed in the following letter:—Bonner.

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ROBERT BONNER—*Dear Sir*:—In your LEDGER of November 28th, there appeared a letter from "Ex-Soldier," charged with having said something about "pillaging" the Sanitary Fair, and "stealing" the money.

I have been applied by many friends to contribute to an English sporting journal, so that it was gratuitous to me to read the letter of "Ex-Soldier," and this from the owner of the best road-team in America!—of the best-known horse in the United States, "Dexter"! If you can make this amends, I shall forfeit your admission into the Union League Club, and be obliged to resign my position as Colonel of the Lady Palmer and Fleetfoot, and drive Second Avenue cars. Please send a check for $5,000. Be-wary!

Respectfully,
S. D. HEWITT.

Mrs. SOUTHWORTH, Mr. CODE, Mrs. DENT, Ernestine Bennett, P. Hamilton Myers, Col. Forney, and many other eminent writers for the Ledger are busily engaged in preparing tales for the New Year. Each of these gifted ladies and their admirers in their own peculiar line; and if our friends will excuse the vileness of the remark, we will say to our readers as the showman said to his audience, "You pays your money and you can take your choice."

John G. Saxe, who has long been the most popular of poetical humorists, and who grows more piquant and funny from year to year, will contribute all his sparkling and side-splitting poems to the Ledger, as usual, during 1869. He will write for no other paper.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 99.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

How much we depend for our knowledge and convictions upon the *sense*, and how wise men are in accepting or using truth that has nothing to *show* to the eyes, is, perhaps, in nothing more clearly than in the matter of *Air*.

It is the food of the world. It has more, perhaps, than any other agent to do with life, health, and contagion, and yet is less than any other understood, its laws less studied or observed, even by educated persons, and persons, too, well informed in this particular thing. How shamefully has God neglected it, passing it forth and like an invisible super-sense, but immeasurably more abundant than all water on the earth. His supply is renewed beyond all limit, and is the abundant blessing of all estimate.

And yet this grand aerial element, spread for every living thing, without money or preparation, is perverted by the purposes of disease and discomfort, with an ingenuity and perseverance which seem almost to defy remedy!

And all because men cannot see the air! Were more palpable, subject to similar laws of motion, is far better managed, and simply because men learn to understand what they can see. If it is discolored, if it becomes turbid, or tastes bad, or smells ill, men reject it. Some such presence of the fluid before the eyes leads them to a similar course. But air can be poisoned, filled, ill-colored and poisonous—and yet, we accept it without a complaint; nay, seem almost to prefer it poisoned. Let any one, at midnight, step into a railroad car, in which the fire-heat finds air, and he will turn sick with the loathsome effluvia. But if a window be opened, all the gaping passengers will be sure to wake, and presently, and call on the conductor to shake the unknown of them to shut out what is known to be a fake away foul air! But, in sooth, we suppose this real reason is that we cannot see it secret. Men will accept invisible poison if only the skin be not contaminated.

In like manner, in church, concert or lecture-room, we sit for hours, with the heat set by a furious little red-hot furnace, that is sometimes in the rear, sometimes in making uncomfortable everybody up stairs! Then, it is suggested that we open a window, and the room conveys to the system anything but trouble. The windows may not be opened. They shed cold catching cold. They are willing to die by hot air, but they will not die by cold air—and so sticking too much. The window-panes are covered with frost, and the room down like coal; the atmosphere reeks with it; strong effluvia would be necessary to overcome the deadening of the senses. The eye grows dull, the brain feels, women faint, people want to keep awake and cannot, and the whole effect of the well-behaved exertion comes produce a tithe of the effect, which, if the air were fit to be breathed, would with ease and umbrella pokes the sash up again. Then, the atmosphere is pure, and the air refreshed!

Men go home; after toasting owens, cool fire, a bed, and a night-cap, and in that indifferent manner, a close stove, they repair to close bed-rooms that have not been aired for days, and where not been unclosed from the poisonous breathings and the warmth of the body, and lie down to dorm that yet carry last night's rendition from the pores of the skin, and whose odor must be overcome by stove or right musical hours. And now comes the question, what is to be done? When the sun is enfeebled by warmth, and the system determined by poisonous ingredients in the atmosphere, and the mind is overcome by the exigencies of talking to, or having to keep in, the feminant particles which are the "sweetness and light" of home? Well—but about *does it?* Ah, they look cold by EXPOSURE TO AIR!

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MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Once more, once more, my Mary dear
I sit by that lone mound,
Where first within thy dust and tears
My weeping genius found;
The tears we loved still fall their fill
Of music on each spray,
And still the wild rose decks the vale—
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished flame I seek,
In vain I call thy name aloud,
And hear no answer but my cheek
Wet over (I rejoice to tell)
And yet beneath these wild-wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the nurture of your flowers
There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
Around me seem to dwell,
The sounds that were the wind-harp chords
Of which my wife's are still.
On like the low and soul-like swell
Of that still spirit-tone,
Which hastes the hollow of the bell
When its sad chime is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
In thy own melody,
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
Oh, my cold lips I for thy kiss
Thy heart to mine is laid—
Alas that such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must fade.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST CAUSE," "THE HUGUENOT MAIDENS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

M. Lecour's room was, as usual, gloomy, with lights, and the old man himself stood near the fire in an attitude of perturbed thought in which Adrienne had never remarked him before. Motioning to her to take a seat near the hearth, he first left his eyes upon her face, and he seemed busily perused every lineament. He seemed struck with the expression of suffering so new to it, but he made no comment upon it. Presently he abruptly said:

"Repeat to me exactly what occurred upstairs to-night. You may have dreamed, after all, for one often stumbles unconsciously into a state of quiet as that one was. I think you said that Louis had been sleeping at home, and you were perfectly still."

"That is true, Monsieur, but I was certainly awake, and I could not be mistaken in the actual presence of the white phantom in the room, I saw distinctly the person you described to me this morning."

"And yet you could not see her last night's Strange and incomprehensible," he musingly said.

Adrienne did not reply to this, for the words of Eady seemed to ring as a warning in her ears, and she hastened to acknowledge that she had beheld the former vision. She suddenly asked:

"*Mon père*, are you sure that your wife is certainly dead?"

He frowned, his eyes flashed beneath their heavy brows, and his mouth wore such an expression of intense bitterness, as he asked:

"What deep fancy has taken possession of your silly brain, Mademoiselle? Yes—she is surely dead—I saw her in her coffin, and beheld her icy hands as they lay folded upon her breast; ah, yes, she is dead—dead!—though for reasons best known she is permitted to return to this home to render my life a curse. I thought I was well rid of her when the death angel claimed her, for we were not happy together, but I was mistaken, and you too must bear the same crushing burden, because you are of her blood."

Adrienne shuddered, and looked up at him so imploringly that even he was moved a little, and it was several moments before he again spoke. His voice was less hard than usual, as he went on:

"I wished to speak with you, to say that if the apparitions comes again into your presence, give the alarm to me at once. I will overcome the horrible terror with which my wife has inspired me, and come to your side. I will face the phantom when it next visits you, and I command the reason of its appearance. Perhaps I may be able to exorcise it; I will do it in the name of the great Jehovah."

"How shall you be able to do so, if you have no faith in the existence of that mighty One?" asked Adrienne with surprise.

"Pish! child; a belief in theological dogmas is very different from that innate consciousness of every reasoning being that there is a great first cause, and that this quickening spirit is not an evil one to proceed by everything that surrounds us. I have studied books on demonology, and I have gained from them the belief that certain mystic words and ceremonies will banish a haunting spirit. Nay—I have meddled with magic, and tried the sorcerer's art."

"And was that result?" asked Adrienne as he abruptly paused.

M. Lecour did not reply for several moments, and when he did it was in a tone of bitter and dreary sadness:

"I only proved the immutable truth of the wise words of Solomon—'All is vanity and folly of spirit.' Aye—all—all. Go to bed, Adrienne, and dismiss the singular subject of this evening from your mind. Of one thing you may be reassured: Madame Lecour's ghost will do you no harm, for was neither a malicious nor a vindictive woman during her life, and I earnestly think that change she has passed through will have endowed her with those qualities beyond the grave. Go, child, and sleep peacefully and well you. Sleep, child, in peace, and get rid of the wild train of affright."

Adrienne tried to smile in return, but it was a ghastly smile, and gathering up her candle and her work she returned with reluctant feet toward her own chamber.

On entering she found that the fire had been replenished—her chair drawn in front of it, and a small stand placed beside it on which lay a package addressed to herself. With unspeakable amazement, Adrienne lifted the letter, and saw the writing of Victor de Verney. She quickly broke the seal, and read:

PARIS, December 24, 1817.

My adored Adrienne, with what transports I relate to you the glorious revolution by which the throne of our sacred altars was last parried. My grief at your unlooked for evasion was overpowering, and I remained for days begin to fear that his opposition to our union had been carried too far. Unfortunately a new and most important phase in our future was suddenly developed.

Scarcely had the burning nails which fixed you away faded on the horizon, when a letter of most extraordinary import came from Lutetium to my father. The writer stated herself to have been a most intimate friend of a certain Madame Lecour, who was probably a relative of your grandfather. This lady was in France residing at the time of the Revolution, and she had been entrusted by many certificates for my family, and established herself on such a footing of friendship with them, that at my baptism she officiated as my godmother. Mademoiselle Montreuil returned to Lutetium, where she possessed large estates, and after many vicissitudes, she died, a victim, it was supposed, to the cruelty of her best husband.

Before her decease, she executed an instrument by which she bequeathed her property to me in trust for one who was infinitely dear to her; but she did not reveal in what relation that beloved one stood to her. It was important that the very existence of her true heir should not be revealed to her unprincipled husband, as she believed M. Lecour would be unscrupulous in his efforts to remove that person from his path; and, therefore, she left the entire possession of her estate, and there was every reason to believe that he would have no means assured to retain it.

The time has now arrived when it becomes necessary to resume the rights of the lawful heir, or risk a lawsuit which might last a lifetime. The heirs of M. Lecour, and his age, precludes the idea that he can live many years longer, and unless means are found to compromise him before his decease, he may dispose of the property in such a manner, as would cause the most voracious delays before it could be legally claimed by its rightful owner.

The writer of the letter to my father was still of M. Montreuil, the father of Madame Lecour, was in the possession, together with ample means to prove its authenticity; and his terms is such that the estate can never be alienated from his descendants; then the position, name, and existence of the heir are known to her, and would be revealed to me at the proper time. The inheritance she stated to be worth two millions of francs in land, and for the service of claiming and restoring it to its rightful possessor, I was to receive a fourth of its value.

Think of this my adorable! Are two hundred thousand francs! It is a magnificent fortune for us to be united as soon as it is secured, and he unsuccessfully begin the enjoyment.

At first, my father was doubtful about sending me so far away, as we should be separated for months, and he desire to pursue the path of singularly quiet and unobtrusive investigation, which I must say though, that while we remained undefined, a word would be sufficient to him from the same hand, which seemed to fill him with surprise; but of its contents he revealed nothing to me. He merely said that the terms had changed his views on the subject of the Louisiana estate, and the best thing I could do was to look after the business, as he now believed the property might be recovered, and my own position secured.

I have received this decision, and spoke of you as the reward of my efforts to acquire fortune. He smiled blandly and said:

"You know, my son, that I have done nothing to thwart your wishes, and I will not commence now. Should Adrienne Durand still not satisfy cruel me to leave you the impossibility of marriage without the means of supporting a family. I have these means now, and I did not require others to do anything but send a letter bearing my bequest to my handsome. If Adolphe had been duly impressed by your charms, he would not have been so easily attracted by this young stranger."

The black eyes flashed more disdainfully than ever, and Pauline said:

"*Madame mère*, you are most habitually at me and my eccentricities, and I have borne with it heretofore, because I thought you really had some regard for me. I know you have read my intentions with reference to M. Mendon, and until your visit to New Orleans, I had every reason to believe that you would not attempt to thwart me in their accomplishment. Now your policy is changed; I demand the reason as my right, and I insist on a candid reply. You know that a tacit understanding has existed for some time, that when my law-suit is settled, I shall bestow myself and the fortune I expect to win upon Adolphe."

Madame Cronat made a slight movement of impatience, but she replied, with calmness:

"But, Pauline, the last accounts from your lawyer are most discouraging. There is little hope that you will win your cause, and without means on either side, it is simply impossible that Adolphe shall take so expensive a luxury as you would be, in the form of a wife."

The listener clenched her small hands, beat her feet impatiently upon the floor, and asked in a tone half stifled with rage:

"And what fortune has this stranger? Who is she? What is she, that she should be thought fit to supplant me?"

"She is the grandchild of M. Lecour, and his presumptive heiress."

"Ah, hah! staff! nonsense! That old heathen had no children that I ever heard of."

"Not by the last wife, but he was married in France many years before he emigrated to Louisiana; he had an only daughter, and this girl is her child."

"Ah! and what guarantee have you, or M. Mendon, that she will inherit a penny of his fortune? Is she a believer in the true faith—one who then can swear for what he may do with the wealth he has possessed himself of? Has he bequeath it to some stranger."

"Perhaps we have a remedy for that," replied Madame Cronat, with a mysterious smile. "I think it is certain that Adrienne Durand will not accept possession of the estate, in spite of M. Lecour may do to disinherit her."

"Then I have not the slightest opinion to that of relationship to him. You deal in mysteries, Madame; may you never have tangled skein, if you please: for I am impatient to understand the true position of my future sister-in-law?"

"Excuse me, Pauline; I will leave that for your own ingenuity to accomplish. I have literally exhausted my mind in endeavoring to hope you will have self-respect enough to conceal your jealousy, and that Adolphe may see what a prize he has within his hand which he has not sanctioned by my avowal of your love in his favor."

"*Madame mère*, you know that M. Mendon has never asked me to enter the state of his wife. He has not spoken of love, because etiquette forbids his doing so till the estate has been adjudged. If you had permitted affairs to take their natural course, I should have been engaged to him before you left for home. I warn you, that I will yet circumvent your plans. I will make every effort to unravel the mystery at which you have hinted, and I will use that knowledge for the benefit of my own purpose."

"Forewarned is forearmed," you know, Mademoiselle," coldly replied Madame Cronat, as she summoned a servant to attend the ladies to leave the apartment. "I trust that you will do nothing to compromise the delicacy of your sex with my son. He has a regard for you as a relative, but I am sure you would not desire to him to suspect that you wish him to stand in a dearer light than that of a nephew."

Mademoiselle Cronat grew pale with anger as she replied:

"Your fetters would cost him dear, as you have already forbidden; but that I hold him dear in my estimation, and hope to win his heart, condescended to think of him at all, because there is no one else in society who can be his match—no hopes crushed by his devotion to me."

"So I thought from the beginning," was the cold response. "You must have learned me this scene, Mademoiselle, for it has led to no results."

"Wait till the end," said Pauline, with a look of such malignant hatred that Madame Cronat, "I've, wait till the end, Madame, and then see if it is not time to settle with you for your services; I can wind her around my finger; and I will not be long in accomplishing this mystery, which seems so important to you and your darling Adolphe, and then I will have no further hope for myself or her actual condition."

Pauline threw a scornful look around her, and, without waiting, went directly to the cottage inhabited by the quadroon. It was not situated in the immediate vicinity of the mansion than worked the place; a small cabin had been built for her by the order of Leocrit's and why should not the visitor walked toward a clump of orange trees that were around it. A small wood road was mostly covered with creeping vines, which completely hid the entrance to the cabin, and hung in long wreaths from the rustic portico in front of the door. Mamzelle Loochi had endeavored to impart to the house attended her an appearance of comfort and neatness, which the negro-jours in France. The door stood open, for the weather was bright and warm, and the soft air of colored blood in her veins. Like those of nearly all her caste, her manners were graceful and winning, and vanity natured had once possessed uncommon beauty. Lalaste was now a woman, but she was not yet old, and her large black eyes was still unquenched, and her form, full and rounded, swung passed upon her pillow was scarcely threaded with gray.

She was lying quite still, with her eyes wide open, and her face slightly wore an air of every breath of fresh air was eagerly inhaled to allay the feverish unrest that pervaded her system and drained her life. Pauline looked down upon her, and seeing that she made no motion, she spoke softly, using the term of endearment to which her childlike type had been accustomed:

"Mommer, how is it with you? I trust you are not so very ill."

The woman started, threw out her hand, and muttered:

"Ha? ha!? who says I am ill? I shall be up to-morrow. You won't have me sent away, my

THE CONFESSION.

Thus you see, my best loved Adrienne, that the only bar to our union is about to be removed. I shall follow this to a few days after obtaining an interview with our correspondent, and taking such steps as will lead to the immediate settlement of the matter. I am sure that I shared you, and in the enjoyment of that blissful bond happiness as is only grasped to those who love as purely and tenderly as we do.

I am somewhat bewildered by the suddenness and the mysterious nature of the communication and is, but my father, whose judgement is unquestionably sound, seems convinced that all will be as I say, and I am more than willing to trust to him in this crisis of my life. I have means sufficient to call at a certain number of days to arrest in New Orleans, and ask for a Madame Nelson who will receive them. In the meantime, I am to remain in preserving such inquiries as are necessary to the accomplishment of the object in view. Be sure I shall lose no time in doing, and then, dearest, you will hold to fill that my new position may demand.

Matters once placed in train for the successful termination of the business, and I shall fly to the spot made charming for the presence of my best beloved Adrienne. Write to me in New Orleans, my own one, that I may know how to find you without any unnecessary delay.

YOURS till death, VICTOR DE VERNAY.

Adrienne read this exciting letter again and again, and bitter were the tears it wrung from her eyes—bitter the anguish it inflicted on her heart. Poor child! she was called on to strike the death blow to her own prospects, and think as she might, she must destroy the vision of happiness which had dawned so brilliantly upon the hopes of her young lover.

Her grandfather could alone be the person Du Vernay had recommended to despoil, and in addition to all her other causes of disquiet, her lover was coming to Louisiana in direct collision with the attorney old man, who, she felt, had placed his hand upon her heart with a power from his throbbing she now comprehended to be impossible. She felt that it would be a fearful ordeal of vital importance to himself, and she knew that he would not hesitate to employ every means at his command to win the cause armed with power to strip him of the wealth which he had so recently a fraud to gain. Then the burning blush of shame mounted to her brow, and she felt, with inexpressible anguish, that she was the descendant of this man in the blood flowing in her veins, and Victor, the child of an honorable and noble race. Overcome by emotion, the young girl has fate with that of one tainted by such crimes as her grandfather must have committed to exercise caution and forbearance toward him for her sake. She enfolded his letter, and as she replaced it upon the table, a note which had escaped her notice fell beneath her eyes. It contained a few lines from M. Mendon, which excited her curiosity to the highest degree.

MADEMOISELLE DURAND:—I found at the post office today the accompanying letter addressed to you, and I have taken the liberty of taking it out, and forwarding it to you through the mail. Pardon me, I pray you, for the speed that your friends over the water have not forgotten you, and will keep you there in their memory. It is my sole hospitality if so voluntarily consigned you. Remember, Mademoiselle, that I am ever ready to be a better friend and to wait to cordially greet, and hail your former and precious interest by your kindness. ARMAND MENDON.

With a shudder, Adrienne dropped these lines into the fire, and then perused the letter, which she child herself for the feeling of repulsion which dictated the act. Mendon had been most kind and attentive to her, and why should his thoughtful kindness in forwarding her letter to her lover excite such abhorrence have him in the obscure little post office unanimously for many days, he received with such a thrilling sense of aversion? She could not explain it, yet some subtle power told her that he was one of whom she had better be aware.

Exerting strong self-command, Adrienne compelled herself to look around, and, not seeing nothing, she arose and examined the fastenings of the door, which would secure it so one could pass through them without her permission. Finding them secure, she went to bed and to rest.

With an aching heart, and unsteady hand, she wrote:

"Dearest Victor:—Your letter and its contents should have filled me with delight, for you are coming to me; you have the power to make me your wife, but I feel my self this moment this revelation has come to me, that I am not worthy to be your wife. I feel that I am placed in an unjustified position between you and a sincerely old man, while life I vainly hoped to render happier by sharing it. My poor Victor, how will you feel when I announce to you that the M. Lecour you are about to despoil of his ill-gotten wealth, is my own grandfather? I know this to be true, for the name of the lady he married became me so soon for doubt.

Dear Victor, see what a position I occupy. I sought this old man; I thrust myself upon his hospitality, and demanded of him shelter and protection, as the child of his only daughter; he did not refuse it to me, and I am bound to abide by him in such assistance as threatened him now.

When I came hither, I fondly believed that I might render myself useful to him, might soften that regard which he entertained for my mother, and which I could not now I have no such hope. To that unnatural parent he has been most cruel, and I feel I have learned to loathe the old man. In my heart, he retained his unusual severity, and I feel that I have bound my fortune to his by accepting the shelter of his roof.

My heart bleeds as I write the sentence, but I know that the decree which separates our lives has gone forth. Follow the cities which leads you to fortune, and does justice to the claim of a worthy relative. Let Madame Lecour be certainly sent; but in so doing, as impossible, I must remain alone between us. I must be true to my duty I have solemnly sworned, and you must also fulfill yours. Farewell, my own Victor, my heart's love, and at this point our paths diverge, never more to meet.

Adieu! that I should be so, but inexorable truth glares the wretched fact before me, and I must submit myself for the bitter ordeal through which we are called to pass.

Adieu once more! Be true to your wedded love, and I, in my desolation, must share it. Only to-day I have had a taste of what the bitterness proof of life. He has not been a true mistress and friend, and the visible wrath of heaven is upon him. I have not forsaken him, for I feel that I belong to him, and him alone; therefore, I entreat you, seek me no more. Forget me in your own; I give you back your troth.

Before you must rule and disgrace this hasty-headed letter, which, as duty so quickly as possible, then the finger of spam may not be lifted against the grandchild of the man who has wronged you.

Adieu, Victor! I have tried to write without passion, though I feel in the depths of my soul that I am the victim of the crimes of another; and that other is so nearly related to me that I shudder as I have not repudiate the stain his evil deeds have fixed upon me. I refuse to be a participant in his guilt, and to-morrow I will break his heart. It is just to retain what he should not have, and I cannot be false to myself, and false to him. Pardon your girl, but still justice remains to you. Pardon your duty, but still justice remains to you. Pardon your duty, but still justice remains to you. Pardon your duty

THE NEW YORK LEDGER.

darling! I can't die away from you"; you're all I have now, and I love you, my pet."

"Who spoke of sending you away, poor Louie? No one would be so cruel. I have come to sit with you awhile. Let me give you some drink."

She held a cup to the parched lips, and the woman eagerly swallowed the orange-ade tea with which it was filled. She sank back, and said:

"It was only a wretched dream, then. I thought Mademoiselle Louise came in here, and told me that I should be cast into the road for my treachery to her. Oh! it was long, long ago, but its memory is with me now; and it withers—it scorches my heart. I—I was base—base—"

Louie continued to mutter, but the listener could make nothing from her disjointed ramblings. She questioned her in every way to bring her back to the point from which she had started, but in vain. Her mind had utterly wandered from it, and Pauline listened half impatiently to her incoherent ravings, till the physician who had been summoned arrived.

Dr. Broad examined the condition of his patient, shook his head, and looked ominous. Madame Croad had followed him into the room, and she inquired, with much solicitude:

"Is there any real danger to be apprehended, doctor?"

"She is in a very critical state, Madame; and I consider her recovery extremely doubtful."

She then inquired:

"Will Louise regain entire possession of her senses before she dies?"

"In ordinary fevers that is usually the course, but in this case the symptoms are unusually unfavorable. She may die in a state of congestion, and be unable to speak at all. In her life-preserver's behalf, Madame—"

To me it is," replied Pauline, before her mother could speak. "Louise was my friend, and sent from my seventh year, and she has been almost a mother to me. She has if you can, Dr. Broad, and I will thank you with my whole heart."

"I will do my best, Mademoiselle; but the chances are bad. The fever should have been taken at the start—now it is almost unmanageable."

"Had I been at home you would have been summoned at once," said Madame Croad, emphatically.

Pauline flashed at the implied reproach, and said:

"Louie did not complain or lie down till yesterday. I had no idea that she was seriously ill. At all events, I will not let her die from her now. If *Madame* *will* permit me, I will remain near her, and assist in nursing her myself."

Madame Croad regarded her with an expression of surprise, for she had thought Pauline was selfindulgent to undertake such a duty, even for the time who had been her pupil, and through long years of service. She said:

"Indeed! be something rather out of the way for you to undertake, my daughter. Desirée is an experienced nurse, and I will send her to wait upon Louise."

"Excuse me, Madame, but I prefer remaining myself," replied Pauline with resolute emphasis. "Louise has nursed me through many severe illnesses, and it is surely my place to attend to her in this extremity."

Madame Croad sternly regarded her stepdaughter as if entreating to fathom her motives; but in her heart she believed her too absolute to have any. She had forgotten the suspicion of her conversation with M. Mendon which referred to this woman and her former connection with the Montreuil family, and she could not believe that some natural feeling of gratitude moved the heart of Pauline to undertake for a fatiful servant the hot kindness she would probably need on earth. She answered, after a hesitation, she said:

"You are to go as you wish. I shall not thwart you in so useful a duty. Remain with Louise if it is your desire to do so, but I shall send some Desirée to assist in nursing her."

Pauline assented to this arrangement, and the rugous soon came to apply the remedies ordered by the physician.

The most active treatment was resorted to, but without avail—the wasted frame sank low, and on the evening of the fourth day from her seizure, she was evidently dying. She was wholly delirious, her had kept a constant watch upon her; one to discover her secret for her own behoof, the other to obey the stringent commands of her mother not to lose a syllable that fell from the lips of the distressed creature.

On the evening of the fourth day, Desirée was nearly worn out with watching, and the latter had been chiefly borne by her, while her young lady had rested many hours in the adjoining chamber. Louise had ceased to be brought from her own room to the sick.

The curiosity of Pauline was sharpened by what had fallen from the lips of Louise in her delirious ravings. Louise dwelt only upon the incidents of her early life, and the circumstances she made, were of a character to arouse a strong desire in Sybian the wicked part which it now should her last moments with fear and agitation.

The heavy breathing of the sick woman filled the room as she lay in a spiritual slumber. The head of the wearied black fell upon the foot of the bed, and in a few moments she slept so deeply that it would have taken a loud noise to rouse her.

All that crisis, Pauline aroused herself, left the chair in which she had been called up, and looked upon the being whom fate was so rapidly fitting to another world. She had lost all large, that Louise would succumb to disease, and the thought crossed her mind that it was time to minister the priest to soothe the last hours of the church for her.

As she turned with the purpose of doing so, the large eyes of the dying woman suddenly unclosed, and looked strangely and intelligently in their glance. She feebly said:

"My darling, is it indeed you? I have been very ill, I believe, for I feel weak and sinking—sinking. Have you stayed by me all the time?"

"Yes, dear Mammet, who should nurse you, but your own Pauline? You are better—I am so glad that you know me again."

The woman looked wistfully at her, and slowly said:

"I am dying, I fear, for I feel as if the earth is crumbling away beneath me."

"That is because you are so weak. Here is wine for *Madame ordered* for you, and I will rouse in your senses."

"Give it to me; I want strength to talk. I have much to tell the priest; let him come to me."

"Father Easter left home this morning, and was gone on a seven days' visit. He will probably not be back before night. Make *me* your confessor, Louie, for it will ease your mind to tell some of the wrong that weighs upon it. Besides, it may be useful to me; your revelations have already partially prepared me for events, which if fully in my possession, would be of material use to me. Can you not speak the whole to me exactly as you would to the priest if he were here?"

Louise regarded her with a startled expression She was still under the influence of fever, and she said with a ghastly smile:

"And you really *ask* to become my confessor? Will you give me absolution for my sins? Can you ask pardon for me in that world to which I am hastening? Oh! my pretty one, it will be a sad tale for you to hear from the lips of your old Mammet."

"Never mind that; tell it to me, for it may be important to my future welfare to know it. I wish you to understand me, Louie; you can serve me by relating to me the story of Louise Montreuil. I *must* hear it, for the happiness of my whole life is vitally concerned in knowing the events of her early course."

Louie gazed upon her face, and stared vaguely at her. Her mind was affected by the opiates which had been administered to allay pain, and she obeyed the voice that commanded her to speak, with the slavering idea that she was confessing to the priest. Her eyes half closed, as if weary of light, and she muttered:

"You wish me to speak of my first mistress, The beautiful Louise, the fascinating Louise, the rich Louise. Ha! ha! she was all these, but she was not the happy Louise—no—no—no."

There was another interval of unconsciousness, then she went on.

"I grew up with her. I was her little maid when she was six years old, and I was ten, for I was the oldest. She was born in the room I occupied herself; she loved me, and she believed that I loved her too; but I did not—no, I did not."

She paused, and seemed about to slumber again, but Pauline aroused her by asking:

"Why did you not love Miss Louise? She was kind to you, and I cannot think you would so otherwise than love her. I am sure I should have been to me."

"You—you? Oh, you were a little child, thrown on me for care; but she was young, beautiful, and rich. She had all that I could when I yourself for all that she was endowed with, and cried her its possession. Oh, yes! I was bitterly envious of her. She knew not that, mine, and I am afraid I too eagerly embraced the chance to rule her fortune."

"You accompanied Mademoiselle Montreuil to Paris?" said Pauline, in order to lead the sick Pauline, to induce her to continue her narrative.

"Yes, I went with her to new scenes, and to her education was finished. They let me in as an attendant, and I would gladly have been a young mistress; and then I picked up education enough to make me fully equal to the position between Mademoiselle Louise and myself."

"In the meantime there was a young lady called Estelle Lorene, who was the intimate friend of my mother, and to whom the latter had permitted herself to be persuaded to allow the young girl to go on a visit to the country seat of Monsieur Du Verney, a friend of M. Montreuil's."

"At his chateau they met with the twin brothers Durand, and the handsomer of the two became desperately enamored of them. Mademoiselle Estelle knew that this was folly, and that he would not be allowed to marry a young girl who had no fortune, and who was a mere nurse to a rich young mistress; and then I picked up education enough to make me fully equal to the position between Mademoiselle Louise and myself."

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Louie paused as if exhausted, and Pauline offered her some wine, which she took.

"Go on, Mammet. It is as good as a romance. I am deeply interested. Did those girls marry their lovers?"

"Ah, yes. In an evil hour for both, they were clandestinely married, and they left Paris, were married on the same night by the same priest, and went their brief time on the same errand, they returned to their convent to await the result of the application made to their parents for consent to the unions which had already taken place."

"And what was the result?"

"Estelle was permitted to go forth with her husband, with the curse of her father on her head, never, in fact, to be forgiven by him, though I believe she did not live long to bear it."

"And Louise? It is of her I most wish to hear."

"It is a sad story when you do hear it. As her father was in Louisiana, it was three months before he could be heard from. He knew that he as old count at last, might well make any just provision for his daughter, and he had utterly refused his consent to the proposed union, and had written to Louise to forbid any further watch upon his daughter, as he would hold her responsible for her conduct. She was afraid to them! The tie had been woven, the vows had been spoken, and she had not the heart to bear to the man to whom she had pledged her faith."

"M. Durand refused to submit to her father's decision. He declared that he would not be separated, and he declared that he would labor to increase it. He should send for her to his wife would treat herself to him. He demanded her as his wife, and when he refused to do so, he said there was no power to retain her vested in her protectors."

"I hope she consented, though I know of course she did."

"Yes, she elected to go with him, and they took possession of the humble cottage he had provided. Although of noble family, the young lady was an impoverished one, but my mistress was very happy, for she had married a gentleman, and he was devotedly attached to her. Louise had never loved her with such fervidness as she was wedded to the choice of her heart, for she had indulged for a time in the romantic fancy that made her fat destitute in my estimation—a fancy which soon changed into pain, and the admiration of society. These were what I yourself to suppose, and I was disappointed to see with contemptuous pity. She seemed to regard as a misfortune that which I knew to be happiness could not last—no, it could not last."

She paused as if recalling old memories, and Pauline impatiently asked:

"What happened then? Did the importunate father come and tear her from him by force?"

"No, no, he knew better than to attempt that, but he did far worse. M. Montreuil belonged to a family that was very influential here in France; he wrote to one of his kinsmen to obtain a secret order for the arrest of M. Durand as a dangerous political person, and to have him thrown into prison, without the knowledge of any one connected with him. They were living then in those days, and no one knew that M. Durand was absent from the cottage in the Bastile, where he lay in one of the dungeons reserved for political prisoners in which he was left to die."

"Monsieur Julien Durand took charge of it, with the promise that the prisoner should be set free from M. Montreuil, for he was lavish enough of his money when it suited his ends to be so."

"I know what happened afterwards. Louise came back to Louisiana, and gave her hand to M. Eugene Julien; but she did not dare to defy her parents such a marriage, when he knew that they would refuse it, and that they had no consents, after all that had happened to her?"

"If you had known her, Mademoiselle, you would not ask such questions. He always loved his poor wife, and she never ceased to love him. She was a woman of a strong mind, and she would have been a noble companion for her husband, but she was not. She was a woman of a weak

heard the remark; "but, at times, something so like a half-remembered dream haunts my brain, that I dare not look upon it as real. A dark, gentle woman—and a gentleman, who used to hold me in his arms, upon the lit. Another time I see him on horseback, and—no—no—it can be nothing but a dream!"

"Did Wilton never speak with you upon the subject?" inquired Telbin.

"Never," answered Zitta; "and if ever I alluded to it, his visions terrified me. I feel there was one person, an aged female, who died about two years since, who frequently did so. She was the original owner of the animals; but somehow Wilton had completely cured her of any of her property in them. When I first knew her, they were pictures; gradually she sank into the position of a mere servant, a drudge—I might add, a slave, for he treated her most brutally.

"When she was dying," continued the narrator, after a pause, "she gave me a little chain of gold, with a kind of locket attached to it, and would have said something more—but at that very moment her taskmaster and Peter, his confidant, came into the room, and expired without uttering a word."

"Perhaps it had some connection with your family," observed Clara, who began to feel deeply interested in her narrative.

"I think not. The poor, ill-used creature never hinted that she possessed any such clue."

"Have you preserved it still?"

Zitta explained to them how, on flying with Peter, she had placed it as a parting token of her gentleness, on the pillow of the sleeping negress, who had so frequently been the object of the unmanly violence of Wilton.

All this lasted but till that they would have given much had she not parted with it, and the subject was recurred to no more.

On the following Sunday the residents of Bungay-Town, who felt that they could not be deeply grateful for, repaired, at an early hour, to the village church. The curate read the prayers, after which the rector—a pale, thoughtful looking man, upon whose head the same countenance sorrow and trial had left their indelible traces—ascended the pulpit to preach the sermon. At the first sound of his voice, Colonel Mordaunt became deeply attentive.

"Who is the name of the clergyman?" he whispered to Mr. Imray.

"I do not know him," replied his host, whose heart was oppressed with an old painful recollection, for the last time he had heard that voice, to the words of truth within those walls his wife and son were by his side. "I am not certain me. The rector I formerly knew has long since been dead."

As the sermon proceeded, Colonel Mordaunt appeared to lose the sympathies of the crowd, and at the conclusion of the service his friends were about to depart, he whispered to Clara that he would overtake them.

"Are you unwell?" inquired his daughter, anxiously.

"No; I merely wish to speak with the clergyman."

Reassured upon the point, Clara took the arm of our hero, and followed Imray, who had already outlined the church.

"God grant it!" murmured her father, as he walked forward the vestry. "God grant it! That would, indeed, be the happiest moment!"

At the door of the vestry he overtook the clerk, carrying a glass of water in his hand, and asked him the name of the rector.

"Doctor Rushbrook," was the reply.

A chill of disappointment fell upon the heart of Colonel Mordaunt. Instead of the one whom he expected to hear, and he slowly retraced his steps.

"Rushbrook!" he repeated to himself, as he passed through the churchyard; "and yet I could have sworn—Well, well! In life we are good time! In His own good time!"

With this sentiment of regret, mingle to a higher will, he resolved to dismiss the impression from his mind. but it would not leave him; and long before reaching the Hall he regretted that he had not sought an interview with the clergyman whose earnest eloquence had impressed himself and friends so favourably.

"I made inquiries of my steward respecting him," observed Mr. Imray, at dinner. "It appears our rector is a man of large fortune, and simple tastes—one to whom the ministry of the Gospel is a duty, not a profession; he has retained a deanery. I am told. His parishioners idolize him for his benevolence and virtues."

"Rich!" thought the father of Clara; "then I must turn from mistaken. I am sure the man before was poor. But the likeness, diamed as it is by time, is most remarkable. He rises, to be Decidedly, I shall not rest till I have seen him again, and spoken with him."

"What are you thinking of, papa?" exclaimed his daughter.

"Dreams, child! dreams!" replied the colonel, forcing a smile. "Not such as haunt the pillow of youth, but waking dreams. My imagination has deceived me. I fancied that in Dr. Rushbrook I recognized an old and valued friend."

He did not choose to cast a shade of disappointment upon her young heart by telling her that he had taken him for the missing son of his engineer, who had united him to her mother; and the subject was permitted to drop.

Nearly a week elapsed before the rector, whose wealth was exceedingly defined, found himself sufficiently well to call upon his new neighbours at Bungay-Town. On the day when he was about into the library, where Mr. Imray and his elder guest were dwelling on the various contents of the books. Harry and Telbin for the last two days had been engaged in some mysterious occupation in a large room, situated in the north wing of the Hall, which the former had appropriated as a studio. So carefully did the two friends guard their secret, that not even Harold, Clara, Mr. Imray were admitted.

All we shall observe respecting it at present is, that the old fortress, Bungay-Hall, had been dilapidated to London and returned.

A servant announced Dr. Rushbrook, whereupon the colonel, after the first few words uttered by the visitor, knew that we the gentleman who had known as the Reverend Mr. Trevor?"

"Such was my name," replied the gentleman, gravely surprised, "till the death of my maternal uncle, who made it a condition in his will, caused me to change it."

"Changing to the ——?"

"The same."

"Thank Heaven! I have found you," ejaculated the father of Clara, with a deep-drawn sigh. "The inheritance of my children, their right to bear my name, is secured."

Upon me!" repeated Dr. Rushbrook, with a look of astonishment.

"Who is this gentleman?" he added, turning to Mr. Imray, who had risen as yet found time to introduce them.

"Mordaunt," replied the colonel, eagerly, "the young officer whom you married at Southampton on the eve of his departure with his regiment for India. You recollect the circumstance?" he added, anxiously.

"Perfectly," said the rector, shaking him by the hand, "and feel most happy that my evidence can be of service to you. How time changes us!" he continued, after gazing for several instants on the bronzed features of the old soldier. "We were both young men then. I had just been ordained—you, if I recollect rightly, granted as second lieutenant. Life, to each of us, must have appeared full of hope and pleasure!"

"The reality, I trust, has not disappointed you?" observed Imray.

"In the world every one must bear his cross," observed Dr. Rushbrook, evasively. "In the condition of our existence. The wise submit, fools only murmur at it. Pardon me, I was interrupted, he added, "but the great Disposer of events has imposed on me the duty of silence."

Delicacy would not permit of pressing the subject any further.

At the earnest request of Mr. Imray, his visitor consented to remain to dinner; a servant was dispatched to the rectory to order the carriage to come for the rector at an hour for the day being a fine one, he had walked over.

If the worthy clergyman had created a favourable impression by his eloquence and deep earnestness in the pulpit, he quite won the hearts of the younger members of the Hall by the unaffected sympathy with which he listened to the story of their lives and adventures. The narratives of Telbin and Zitta appeared particularly to interest him, and was overflowing with sympathy with which he gained their confidence; and every one regretted when his carriage was announced.

"You will come and visit us again, will you not?" said Harold, grasping his hand almost affectionately, for he reminded him of his father. "If we are fortunate enough to receive you as visitor, with a smile: "but I can frequently enjoy invalid, and therefore have the pain in store for home."

"Then we will come and see you, if you will permit us," observed Clara, modestly.

The gates and avenue on the grassy of young and happy lives gathered around him, and the rector departed amidst their blessings.

"And you," he said, placing his hand upon the head of Zitta, and bending a little aside to the rest," would you like to pay a visit to the rectory?"

"Anywhere where I may see you and hear your voice again," replied the young creature, timidly. "I dared not ask permission," she added, "but my heart framed the wish."

"Come when you will, my child," said Dr. Rushbrook, kindly; "you shall be welcome."

The rector's youthful listeners were excited themselves of the permission, and walked over to the rectory. The countenance of Zitta was brightened as from one of the windows, he saw the venerable clergyman in the garden gathering flowers.

"It is like a second spring," he observed, as he walked with them up the garden, "when I begin to see such flowers around me."

Dr. Rushbrook was a passionate collector to whom, on Mr. Imray's recommendation, Colonel Mordaunt confided the proceedings against the necromancer, rendered the presence of Dr. Rushbrook necessary. In the consultations of consequence he became a frequent visitor at the Hall. As often as he could steal from the grave business in which he was engaged, he gratified himself by a race and watch the fair girls in their walks. At each successive visit he found them more attractive over him—the part appeared less sad, the future more promising.

It is wrong for the aged to separate themselves from the young. They are like the merry laugh, and the sunny smile of youth produce a healthful influence around. Like the flowers planted in a graveyard, they make the barren mound of the dead appear less sad. We never too old to feel an interest in the pleasures of the innocent. The sight of happiness in others frequently begets happiness to ourselves.

Dr. Rushbrook might to have been regarded as the rector, as he sat watching Clara, Zitta, and Blanco in one of the walks. "I, too, might have had children like these—children to my love and reverence me—to smooth my pillow in sickness, and watch over my declining eye on its death. The hand to think a stranger's hand will perform that last act, and offer the—the footsteps of my greedy heir follow me to the grave with rejoicing!"

"I wrong him, perhaps," he added, with a sigh; "I Alfred may be dead, and I still a pirate.

"And why should I not have some one to love me?" he continued to himself. "Even sweet girl seems cast in my way by Providence—pure, unsullied by the world—those natures are rector. Why should I not adopt her, in place of the unworthy relations who are hastening to my grave?

From the first moment of their meeting, Zitta had been a favourite with the rector. Even in less way, her intuitive love of virtue and ignorance of the world, which was new to her, and Dr. Rushbrook continued to picture the beautiful maiden, as she grew up under his roof, and good to interest his affections, to be to him as a child.

"Dreamer! dreamer!" he exclaimed, starting suddenly from his seat, and retracing his steps back to the library. "I am the fool of fancy. As I gaze upon her features, I imagine I can trace a resemblance to my lost wife—to the child dead!—to the dead!"

Most men, in their lives, have experienced the tenacity with which an idea that has once entered the imagination will cling to it. Even after that we have banished it when we have only hidden it in little deeper in our hearts. Dr. Rushbrook proved so with the speaker, who believed he had overcome the wild and romantic fancy of the day when Mr. Imray and Colonel Mordaunt announced their approaching departure from Bungay-Hall.

The trial of Fry and his son for the abduction and illegal imprisonment of Zitta was about coming on, and the father of Clara and Telbin did not deem it prudent to be absent.

"And you, my son, leave us?" demanded the rector, looking blank at the intelligence.

The question was addressed to the owner of Bungay-Town.

"What can I do?" answered the old man, with a cheerful smile. "I have no will nor but my grandson, Harold, and he has been completely raised from his cousin Harold, and the friends he has made here. No doubt you will consider it childish weakness, but I cannot help it."

Childish!" repeated his visitor. "Ah! you little imagine how greatly I envy you. All going to leave you, and I—with a sigh—Well, well, I will pray for their happiness."

"I wish, doctor, to consult you," said the colonel, drawing his arm towards him, and drawing him to one of the deep bay windows that overlooked the garden.

"I am but a poor adviser," observed the rector; "you had better consult one more accustomed with worldly interests."

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"Zitta! yes, yes, I can advise you about her."

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"They each other. Even now, the boy—for he is still a boy in years—declared, with a firmness that startled me, his passion for the girl."

"*He preserve!*" suggested Dr. Rushbrook, ominously, "would have been a better word."

"I am not superstitious!" said his friend, colouring slightly at the reproof; "but——"

"You object to it?"

"Not unreasonably. Telbin will bear my name; besides, I know nothing of the girl. That she is good and virtuous, I believe. She may be the daughter of that ruffian, Wilton."

"Impossible!" exclaimed his friend, warmly. "How can you pronounce it?"

"Even as from the flower we judge the stem," replied the rector. "I perceive," he added, smiling, "you are losing to the prejudice of caste!"

"Her parents may be degraded—even infamous," continued the colonel, who evidently felt anxious to justify himself in the eyes of the speaker; added to which, he was by no means to think of marriage yet. Recollect, too, the peculiarity of his position—almost a child in stature."

"But a man in heart and mind," urged the clergyman. "I agree with you in one point, Colonel Mordaunt; the connection is not desirable. Zitta must be educated first."

"The very mistake I was about to him," exclaimed Colonel Mordaunt; "but he cannot endure the thought even of a temporary separation. I know it, and no one to whom he would entrust the care."

"Not to me?" demanded the good man, calmly.

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly," said the rector. "I am a childless man, and my home is lonely. Let me have Zitta under my roof for two years, and I will engage to return her to you, at the end of that time, as accomplished a young lady as you could wish to see."

"Then we will come and see you, if you will permit us," observed Clara, modestly.

The gaze and smile on the group of young and happy lives gathered around him, and the rector's countenance positively brightened.

"And you," he said, placing his hand upon the head of Zitta, "would like a little spare with the rest," would you like to pay a visit to the rectory?"

"Anywhere where I may see you and hear your voice again," replied the young creature, timidly. "I dared not ask permission," she added, "but my heart framed the wish."

"Come when you will, my child," said Dr. Rushbrook, kindly; "you shall be welcome."

The rector's youthful listeners were excited themselves of the permission, and walked over to the rectory. The countenance of Zitta was brightened as from one of the windows, he saw the venerable clergyman in the garden gathering flowers.

"It is like a second spring," he observed, as he walked with them up the garden, "when I begin to see such flowers around me."

Dr. Rushbrook was a passionate collector to whom, on Mr. Imray's recommendation, Colonel Mordaunt confided the proceedings against the necromancer, rendered the presence of Dr. Rushbrook necessary. In the consultations of consequence he became a frequent visitor at the Hall. As often as he could steal from the grave business in which he was engaged, he gratified himself by a race and watch the fair girls in their walks. At each successive visit he found them more attractive over him—the part appeared less sad, the future more promising.

It is wrong for the aged to separate themselves from the young. They are like the merry laugh, and the sunny smile of youth produce a healthful influence around. Like the flowers planted in a graveyard, they make the barren mound of the dead appear less sad. We never too old to feel an interest in the pleasures of the innocent. The sight of happiness in others frequently begets happiness to ourselves.

Dr. Rushbrook might to have been regarded as the rector, as he sat watching Clara, Zitta, and Blanco in one of the walks. "I, too, might have had children like these—children to my love and reverence me—to smooth my pillow in sickness, and watch over my declining eye on its death. The hand to think a stranger's hand will perform that last act, and offer the—the footsteps of my greedy heir follow me to the grave with rejoicing!"

"I wrong him, perhaps," he added, with a sigh; "Alfred may be dead, and I still a pirate.

"And why should I not have some one to love me?" he continued to himself. "Even sweet girl seems cast in my way by Providence—pure, unsullied by the world—those natures are rector. Why should I not adopt her, in place of the unworthy relations who are hastening to my grave?

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"Then we will come and see you, if you will permit us," observed Clara, modestly.

The gates and avenue on the grassy of young and happy lives gathered around him, and the rector departed amidst their blessings.

"And you," he said, placing his hand upon the head of Zitta, and bending a little aside to

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS:

A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad;
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommonly blest,
Ees, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I grieved over his hapless fate.

The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and rum,
The chap got exceedingly "tight"?
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
The a horrible slumber he takes
He trembles with fear,
And sets very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

The's warning to you and to me, my lad;
A particular caution to all—
Though no one can see
The vipers but he—
To bear the poor lunatic bawl:—
"Take away that creature cruel!—
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Men's dwellings do
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!—
Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

A warning to you and to me, my lad;
A very impressive exit!—
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer,
If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If at all,
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad;
I's passion I think rather low;
Don't cuter, to see 'em,
The *Devil's Museum*:—
The very much better to go,
(That's to say!)
And visit a regular show.

THE TRAPPER'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"I say, Bill," observed our trapper to another, as the two sat smoking their pipes before their camp-fire, away out beyond the Rocky Mountains, "I say, Bill, old boss, enter Ah, but here's mysher a lonely life for a man as has a natural feeline for women, and I'm dermad if I don't think I'll tie up to so'thing and quit, of it's only a Injun squaw—pooty or ugly."

"Augh!" grunted Bill.

"Let me alone!" pursued the other, talking out his pipe and puffing out a cloud of smoke with an air of decided reflection, "I do know just about ten your senses, I begun my tramp over these here mountains, and I'm dermad if I can tell what's the use? what better am I for't now? I've made a heap of money in my time—but where is it now—some one's for had whacking, and a good deal more on't at cuchre and monte, and stuff. Now it's gone and I'm as poor as Job, afore gitting rather out, it'll be all the same, 'kept I'll be ten year older, with rheumatiz enough maybe to make a broken-down, worthless old boss of a fellow, and nobody to care for him this time. Yes, sir! Sal of I goes and hitches teams with some female woman, I'll be better off, I'se assuring—for then I'll her scything to live for and work for, and at first I'll be a mighty fatigated beaver, and a ornament to society. But what's the use of talking to you, Bill, what don't know what a woman or! and I s'pose never saw one nigher'n a hundred yards of you could help yourself. Come now, s'pose you tell us about her what's the reason you're so skeery of the critters? As' you really should have one by these it come from having had the sack in your time from some screamer of a gal what showed you her ugly rival a biased path to her affections?"

"Nothin', Jim," replied Bill, with a long drawn sigh. "I ain't afeard of the animals, and I never got the sack; but I'll tell you what that ever lived come to a horrible end, and since then I've shunned the critters what made me think of her. Ah, Jim, you've touched me on a tender place, you have; and I ain't the easiest thing in the world to keep the water out of my eyes this minute."

"Won't you tell us the story, Bill?"

"Yes, sir, you see," on the question subject, I s'pect it won't make matters no wean to go over it, though it's mosh'n ten year scene I've mentioned it to a living soul."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe with a trembling hand, and sat some minutes gazing into the fire, during which time his eyes filled with tears, and a few bitter drops coursed slowly down his bronzed, weather-beaten features, which, at thirty years of age, took the look of forty, were still far from being uncomely.

"I've tramped with you a good deal, Jim," he at length resumed, drawing the back of his rough hand across his eyes; "we've been together, off and on, for four or five year; and though you've thought me a woman-hater, and seen me keep clear of the gals, as if I were'n a-'fraid of 'em, and thar was a time when I was mixing up with 'em in the fashion like other men.

"Twelve year ago, down to the State of Missouri, I set my affections on to a gal called Phœbe Lukens. I lived her in the wildest kind of way, and she thought a heap of me. She was seventeen, just a year younger'n me, and so purty that the old'ns of the place was quite smitten. When I was with her, and that was a'lays when I could be, I thought that the world was war'th enough; and we talked and romped, walked and rid, and sung and danced excessing. Ef Dar was a mile within ten mile, we war sure to be thar, and time war nothing to those parties that could head us off; and as happy as Bill Withers and Phœbe Lukens, was all the best of 'em could say.

"Well, one awful cold winter night, we had an invite to a corn-husking, twelve mile away, and we rid over hoss-back, cutting through the woods and over the frozen snow like a couple of deer. I had my pistols and bowie in my belt, and fill prowed, and Phœbe war in high spirits, too. We got to the place in good time, and had lots of fun. At one o'clock the next morning we started for home. It war cloudy and cold, with the wind north-east, and looked like we'e agoing to hev a powerful snow-storm.

"'Better hold on and make a night on't, Bill?' says some of the boys.

"'I must git home,' says Phœbe, 'for I promised the old folks I'd be back by three, and I'm the gal to keep my word.'

"'Then don't pretend to hev Bill with and cut all our hopes?' says one, with a laugh.

"'Well, that'd be my chance for you of I didn't,' she says back, patting the laugh onto him.

"Joking in this kind of way, we at last rid off on a gallop, but without nother of us thinking it 'ud be the last ride we'd ever hev together. Ah-me! poor Phœbe!

"We hadn't gone more'n three mile, when it begun to snow, fine and dry, with the wind driving it powerful. I turn my hoss's face from it and blinded us, and then begun to drift, so'n to make it hard travelling for the beasts. We didn't mind this though, and kept on, thinking we'd git home afore it 'ud be very deep; and so we did; and when we got to the end of a big swamp, and that it was we got lost, though, I never exactly know'd it, for we'd a-rid'd to so I war all the time in the open path, and I war all the time looking out for the dangerous places in it till that war half way betwixt the two places. The wind howled so it war'n easy to hear, and so we didn't say much; but arter we'd rid nigh on to hour, and I'd got so cold that I began to as of the murrer of my hoss war gitting frose, I says, says I:

"'Phœbe, how's this? Arn't it most time we made it to your house?'

"She didn't say nothing, Phœbe didn't, and so I axed her the same question over'n'over, and as she didn't say nothing the second time, I rid up and check'd her.

"'Dear me!' she says, faint like; 'I believe I'm almost asleep.'

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"'For God's sake,' says I, 'don't go to sleep! for ef you do, you'll never wake! it arn't a natural sleep, Phœbe—*but you're freezing to death!*'

"Just as I said this, I noticed some clouded wolves begin to howl—fust here, then thar, then yonder, as of war was answering; and then one little nap!

"I shook her agin like fury, calling her all sorts of hard names, just to rouse her by making her mad.

"At that minute some cussed wolf howled agin right close to us; and afore I'd time to catch the bridle, both hosses broke and run short and started off on a run, leaving us both that afoot in the middle of the swamp, and freezing to death, and the hungry varmints all round, ready to fall on us to devour us. Phœbe fainted. I took you, Jim, nobody knows what my feelings was then, and I know you can't tell; but I war mad with one hand, and shook the poor dear gal with Yother. I'll tell you what, sir, it makes a fight war start out all over me. Ef thar's been any chance of catching him, I couldn't leave him for a minute—for she war determined to sleep, and that fatal'd would be death, ef I war just axed ten your senses. I begun my tramp over these here mountains, and I'm dermad if I can tell what's the use? what better am I for't now? I've made a heap of money in my time—but where is it now—some one's for had whacking, and a good deal more on't at cuchre and monte, and stuff. Now it's gone and I'm as poor as Job, afore gitting rather out, it'll be all the same, 'kept I'll be ten year older, with rheumatiz enough maybe to make a broken-down, worthless old boss of a fellow, and nobody to care for him this time. Yes, sir! Sal of I goes and hitches teams with some female woman, I'll be better off, I'se assuring—for then I'll her scything to live for and work for, and at first I'll be a mighty fatigated beaver, and a ornament to society. But what's the use of talking to you, Bill, what don't know what a woman or! and I s'pose never saw one nigher'n a hundred yards of you could help yourself. Come now, s'pose you tell us about her what's the reason you're so skeery of the critters? As' you really should have one by these it come from having had the sack in your time from some screamer of a gal what showed you her ugly rival a biased path to her affections?"

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